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AMONG THE DAISIES.

LAY her down among the daisies,
 With the fringes of her eyes,
 Softer than their silver petals,
 Closed for blissful reveries.
 Fold her little hands in whiteness
 As in prayer upon her breast;
 Fear not for their folded lightness
 On the heart unmoving pressed,
 For that heart of angel brightness,
 Tired so early, lies at rest.

Tired so early! — when the dawning
 Glimmered white-winged through the room,
 And the skies were half awaking,
 Half in fading starlit gloom,
 From the heaven of the starlight
 Came the angels of the dawn;
 And the morning winds were sighing,
 And the curtains eastward drawn,
 And her sleeping face looked brighter,
 And a whispering sob said — "Gone!"

All the daisies were unfolding
 In the fields, where never more
 Shall the rapture of her child-life
 Run in shout and laughter o'er,
 Tired so early! — she has gathered
 All her gladness in swift space,
 She has sung her song and ended,
 Childlike turning pleading face
 Back to home when joys are weary —
 Toward the one familiar place.

Lay her low among the daisies:
 Angels knew her more than we;
 They have led her home from wandering,
 Tired with earthly revelry,
 And above her daisied pillow
 Let her simple tale be told:
 Here the Lover of the lilies
 Bade a little blossom fold;
 He that wakes the flowers shall wake her,
 White as snow, with heart of gold.
 Chambers' Journal. HELEN ATTERIDGE.

WOOD SORREL.

My dearest love, thy flower's a-bloom
 Once more. I've gathered it to-day, —
 As thro' the tender forest gloom
 I took my lonely way.

Half hid 'neath sprays of bramble vine,
 The fragile blossoms light the place,
 As once those sad sweet eyes of thine
 Lit up a flower-like face.

The self-same charm to thee — to them,
 Hath by a word of God been given,
 The opal shimmering diadem
 Thou wearest now in heaven.

Ah, loved and lost! unequalled maid!
 Green are the leaves of fond regret,
 By thy lone lover sadly laid
 In Spring's gay carcanet.

Thy spirit surely haunts the path
 Where I in retrospective mood
 Seek the sole solace memory hath,
 The bliss of quietude.

Thy footfall light precedes me still,
 As sun or shadow falls on grass,
 Some potent grace intangible,
 O'er me, from thee, doth pass.

And, bending o'er the faint veined flower —
 Thine eidolon — on slender stalk,
 Again I keep love's trysting hour,
 And catch thy low-toned talk.

Mine yet, in some sweet subtle sense,
 In stillness, where no rude note jars,
 Where Amaranth blooms, and Innocence,
 And Sorrel's silver stars.
 Temple Bar. C. B.

THE SOUDAN.

ENGLAND, the voice of weeping breaks thy
 rest, —

The voice of women wailing o'er the slain,
 Whose generous blood hath purpled all in
 vain

The desert sands; what victory unblest
 Is thine, proud nation throned by the West,
 Who, knowing most of men the costly gain
 Of freedom, quelled in iron-shod disdain,
 Hearts burning with its insults unredressed.

Oh England, those accusing cries, that broke
 The calm of the Arabian night, declare
 Thee banded with the ancient powers that yoke
 Life to the body of Death; think what de-
 spair

Of human justice in these cries awoke,
 What doubt of God made sick the desert
 air!

Academy. EMILY PFEIFFER.

IN MEMORIAM THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

A LAMPLIKE soul hath flamed away;
 Its light no more returns.
 Learning a faithful friend to-day,
 And Art a lover, mourns.

So placed — in such a century —
 On such a social stage —
 That such a man should merely be
 Was healthful to the age.

The age must lose him; there hath fled
 In truth a princely soul;
 We pity not the happy dead,
 But with the world condole.

Academy. WILLIAM WATSON.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE MONASTIC KNIGHTS.*

RECENT explorations have brought to light some interesting structural remains of the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, carrying us back to a period anterior to the capture of the city by Saladin. After the Moslem reoccupation of the holy places, the Church of St. John the Baptist was turned into a madhouse, and the whole space formerly covered by the buildings of the Hospitallers came to be known by the Turkish word, Muristan. In 1869 the sultan gave a portion of this Muristan quarter, with its obliterated ruins, to the crown prince of Prussia. Extensive excavations have since been made by the Germans, which have laid bare portions of the old buildings, thereby establishing many details of topographical interest. Conspicuous amongst these remains is the picturesque gateway of St. John's, consisting of a large round arch with two smaller arches within it. The capitulation of Jerusalem to the Saracens took place in 1187, so that this building would probably date fifty years prior to that time, when the Hospitallers were already enriched by numerous benefices. We must not forget that the brotherhood were localized at Jerusalem before the first crusade, while, in fact, the city was still in the hands of the Moslems.

To those in the half darkness of the times who were struggling after spiritual light—the Biblical East had a wonderfully magnetic influence. The trader and the pilgrim were alike drawn there; and if the former lingered at Amalfi, then at the height of its commercial importance, the pilgrim hurried on to Jerusalem and the holy places.

What western Europe would have been without this fervid impulse can only be matter of conjecture. Civilization owes much, undoubtedly, to the restless spirit

of the age. When the pilgrim returned to hang his palm branch and scallop shell on the walls of the old parish church in England, poor as he was, he brought back the wealth of new thoughts and new experience. His wonder-feeding tales of travel would stir the pulses of an unlettered generation, whose ancestors had been rude vikings, but whose posterity were to be navigators, explorers, and missionaries.

When Palestine fell into the hands of the caliphs, the pilgrims were taxed, harassed, and plundered; and had it not been for the friendly help of the merchants of Amalfi, who had established business relations with the Saracens, their condition would have been still worse. As early as 1014 the caliph granted a concession to the Christians to establish a hospital at Jerusalem for poor and sick pilgrims. Within a few years of its original foundation the work was developed by the erection of two hospitals (one for either sex), and certain of the pilgrims formed themselves into a charitable body, remaining permanently at Jerusalem to carry out their good work. Subscriptions from distant parts of Christendom came in to support this useful institution, the merchants of Amalfi acting as stewards of the foundation, which came to be known as the Brotherhood of St. John at Jerusalem.

Evil times were at hand; "the savage Turks who had embraced all that was barbarous and aggressive in the religion of the Prophet" were now contending with the more tolerant caliphs for the possession of Syria. The atrocities committed by the Turks on the Christian pilgrims stirred up the indignation of Europe, and became the war-cry of the Crusades. As Milman points out, "Latin Christendom was already in some degree prepared for the great confederacy that formed at the summons of Peter the Hermit." The far-seeing among Christian rulers beheld with alarm the newly aggressive spirit of Islam.

In the manifest necessity for repressing the inroads of Mohammedanism we find the key-note of the mingled religious and military spirit of chivalry. This spirit

* 1. *A History of the Knights of Malta, or the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.* By WHITWORTH POSTER, Major-General Royal Engineers. Revised Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

2. *The Knights Hospitallers in England.* Printed for the Camden Society. 1857.

3. *Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society.* Vol. X. London: Bell & Daldy. 1861.

infused itself into the Brotherhood of St. John; but while it was still a peaceful corps of Hospitallers, their rector, Peter Gerard, had raised it to a position of very considerable influence and importance. His nationality is uncertain, but he was one of those with whom all good men claim kindred. He was a man who, in an age of fierce fanaticism, understood charity in its widest sense — the doors of the hospital were open alike to infidel and to Christian. It is said that he was regarded with almost filial veneration by the Moslem poor of the city. This, be it remembered, was on the eve of the capture of Jerusalem by the first crusaders, when the Moslem had but a poor chance of finding the quality of mercy in the creed of the Christian.

In Gerard's crowded hospital, over against the Holy Sepulchre, Godfrey de Bouillon found the Brothers of St. John tending friend and foe with equal care — a strange contrast to the spirit that dyed the streets of Jerusalem with blood. But he, the conqueror, who himself had not spared the sword, was so impressed with Gerard's management of the hospital that he at once endowed it with his manor of Montboise, in Brabant.

The Order of St. John now entered a period of development and prosperity. They were formally sanctioned by Pope Paschal II. in 1113, and various powers and exemptions granted them. The institution exactly fitted the necessities of the time, for now that Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians, the fashion of pilgrimage greatly increased. In vain had the early fathers protested against those wanderings over sea and land, declaring that heaven was as accessible from Britain as from Palestine. To meet the necessities of these hordes of pilgrims, Gerard, the rector, saw fit to establish branch hospitals in most of the maritime provinces of Europe, which gave not only help to the sick, but shelter and entertainment to such as were waiting for transport to the holy land.

When the good Gerard died in 1118, the choice of the brotherhood fell on Raymond du Puy — a member of a noble family in Dauphiné. He is known in his

tory as the first grand master — is called in fact the founder of the order. Raymond, whose mind was of a chivalric and warlike bent, proposed that the Hospitallers should assume military functions and assure by their swords the defence of the new kingdom of Jesuralem. "They soon deserted," says William of Tyre, "their humble patron St. John the Eleemosynary for the more august character St. John the Baptist."

The times are very evil,
The foe is at the gate,

says the old monkish rhyme; and this was the justification of the fraternity in taking upon themselves the military character. Palestine was still in a very unsettled state. The Christians possessed many isolated cities, but the Saracens were always at their heels; and a well-organized militia, who could guard travellers and defend towns, was welcome indeed.

The new constitution of the order appealed to the religious fanaticism and the warlike necessity of the age; the monk, doffing his cowl, seized the sword, and springing into the saddle became at once the glass of fashion and the model of chivalry. The flower and youth of the noblest families in Christendom hastened to enroll themselves amongst the monastic knights; and those who, on the eve of another world, could fight no more, left their wealth to Raymond's Order of St. John.

Other fraternities followed their example. "The Hospital was *mater*, the Temple *filia*," and in 1190, the Teutonic order was added to the list.

To such an extent had these orders of religious knights commended themselves to all persons professing Latin Christianity, that their endowed wealth became enormous. Writing in the early part of the thirteenth century, Matthew Paris stated that the Order of St. John held nineteen thousand *maneria** (or manors) and that not less than nine thousand were possessed by the Templars. When at the height of their power and prosperity,

* Probably, manor meant the extent of land ploughed by one yoke of oxen.

the Teutonic knights held lands extending from the Oder to the Gulf of Finland.

The internal constitution of these different fraternities was in the charter of their first foundation virtually the same. The monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience were required of all who entered therein; and members of the highest division — the knights of justice — must make good their claims to the birthright of approved nobility. Priestly critics and lay historians were not slow, even in contemporary times, to accuse these aristocratic corporations of insolence, luxury, and greed. Gibbon sums up his estimate of the monastic knights with his usual facile sneer.

The austerity of the convent [he says] soon evaporated in the exercise of arms: the world was scandalized by the pride, avarice, and corruption of these Christian soldiers, and the public peace was endangered by their jealous emulation. But in their most dissolute period, the Knights of the Hospital and the Temple maintained their fearless and fanatic character: they neglected to live, but they were prepared to die in the service of Christ.

There can be no doubt that in their early days the work done by these fraternities was really very important, and at the time, and for a long time, the world could not well have done without them. Their influence for good and for evil did not pass away for centuries. By their international character they raised the tone of European society, they stamped their own impress of chivalry on a rude age, and taught by example the power of discipline, co-operation, and tenacity of purpose. During the twelfth century they fought the good fight nobly against the infidel; the successful siege of Ascalon was mainly due to the heroic conduct of the Hospitallers; not, however, to the Templars, whose avarice, in trying to secure the entire pillage of the town to themselves, very nearly brought defeat on the whole enterprise. For thirty years this victory was the means of keeping the Moslem back in the heart of Egypt; but Jerusalem was to be no abiding city for the Christian. As we know, the disastrous battle of Tiberias left the holy

places once more to the unhallowed rule of the Saracens.

It is worthy of remark that on the fall of Jerusalem the Knights of St. John were conspicuously favored by Saladin. He gave them the privilege of ransoming their fellow-citizens on terms suited to their well-nigh exhausted treasury, and he permitted ten of the brotherhood to remain for a time in the city to complete the cure of the sick under their charge.

Unable to cope with the dangers and uncertainties of life in the East, the ladies of the Order of St. John at this time abandoned the Holy Land forever, dispersing themselves in various branch establishments in Europe. The queen of Aragon gave them a suitable home near Saragossa, but their principal settlement was in England, where at Buckland, in Somersetshire, they fixed themselves for upwards of three hundred years — till, in fact, the order was suppressed.

The knights, both of the Temple and of St. John, lingered in the East, at Margat and other places, where they exercised their original functions of hospital work; but, to their shame be it spoken, they were more concerned in mutual dissensions than in opposing the Saracens. The selfish greed of the Templars was again conspicuous. Conrad of Monferrat complains in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that during the defence of Tyre the grand master of the Templars carried off the money which the king of England had sent him, and that all succor was denied.

The regular clergy cordially hated the knightly orders from first to last; and when there was a growing suspicion that the Templars cared more for their worldly possessions than the Holy Sepulchre, they gladly fomented the public distrust. But the end of the Templars was not yet. It was reserved for Philip of France, in the first years of the fourteenth century, to dissolve a corporate body whose power was as justly obnoxious as their wealth was irresistibly tempting. If the order could have been saved by mere bravery, their heroic achievements during the wars of the Crusades might have been their salvation in the world's esteem. But

they shrouded their laws and administration in profound mystery, and the jealous superstition of the age was not long in raising the terrible cry of heresy and idolatry, and the haughty Templars fell under the ban of public opinion. At the same time, the end of the thirteenth century saw the almost complete annihilation of the Hospitallers, decimated as they were by the evil chances of war. It was the darkest hour for the soldiers of the Cross. One after another the Christian strongholds had yielded before the overwhelming force of the Moslem. Acre was the last to fall—the fair city lying beneath the shadow of Mount Carmel, old as the Ptolemies, but now the gorgeous *entrepôt* of trade, of wealth and pleasure, the metropolis of Christianity in the East. When St. Jean d'Acre fell (history has coupled it with the name of the order), the few surviving Knights of St. John escaped in the galleys that were anchored in the roadsteads, and turning the prows of their ships westward, left the Holy Land forever.

When they settled themselves at Limasol, in Cyprus, their numbers were so seriously diminished that an order was sent to each grand priory to despatch immediately all available members. "This injunction," says General Porter, "was obeyed with so much enthusiasm that before many months the attenuated ranks of the fraternity once more became augmented into something like their former numbers." Nor was the help only in men: from the most distant parts of Europe money poured in to replenish their exhausted treasury. During their stay at Cyprus the Knights of St. John did useful work: they made the navigation of the Levant comparatively secure for the commerce of Europe. The Turkish rovers who had for so many years been the terror of the eastern shore of the Mediterranean were now baffled, and instead of Christian sailors filling the slave marts of Egypt, it was the luckless Turk who tugged the galleys of the Hospital.

It was a bold stroke of policy that led the grand master, Fulk de Villaret, to cast his eye upon the island of Rhodes, and ignoble selfishness on the part of the Greek emperor to hinder his possession of it. But, as we know, all opposition was overborne, and, after a desperate fight, the banner of the white cross was planted upon the citadel of Rhodes, on the 5th of April, 1310.

This island was destined to be the home of the Order of St. John for up-

wards of two centuries. They wisely made it a great trading centre: they tempted merchants thither by removing all restrictions and taxation, and in a few years this free port was overflowing with the ships of all nations.

During the comparatively peaceful years of their early sojourn at Rhodes, the order divided itself into seven languages, or *langues*, after the manner of the mediæval universities. The preponderating influence was always French; three of these were the *langues* of France, Provence, and Auvergne; the rest were Italy, Germany, England, and Aragon. The dignity of Turcopolier, or commander of light cavalry, was permanently allotted to the English *langue*. For this reason we so often meet with the names of Englishmen as distinguishing themselves in the military achievements of the order. Only two Englishmen attained to the position of grand master, but the grand priory of England was an important office, and the "responsions," or surplus revenue, sent to headquarters at Rhodes was very considerable.

We are indebted to the Camden Society for the first publication of an extremely interesting balance-sheet of accounts in the year 1338, the same having been rendered by the grand prior of England to the *chef-lieu* of the order.

In England the duties of the fraternity were entirely of a peaceful nature, less romantic, perhaps, than repulsing hordes of Saracens, or sweeping Turkish pirates from the sea; still the duties were important. They had to farm the lands of the order, to amass wealth, and to keep up the character of the *langue* for supplying its contingent of brave knights. In this report of their stewardship we get an insight into the daily life of the fourteenth century which is very interesting. Besides the ordinary sources of revenue derived from houses, dove-cotes, and fields, there are noted down "grants from benefactors, appropriate churches, services of villains and copyholders in labor and kind, rents of tenants in socage, perquisites of the court, and confraria." The last-named was the yearly sum raised by contributions of the free landowners. Mr. Kemble finds on calculation that the whole sum so collected in England in 1338 amounted to the large sum of £883 4s. 3d. Taking the value of money as Hallam and Mr. Freeman both estimate, in dealing with the question about the same period, it would represent from twenty to twenty-five times the amount of our present

currency. We may certainly draw this inference, namely, if so large a sum was collected from the sparse population of rural England, the knights must have been popular, and have fulfilled their duties to the poor and sick in the neighborhood of their preceptories. We come upon some curious details about prices. The highest-rented arable land was in Kent and Lincolnshire — namely, two shillings an acre; the average was, however, let at under twelve pence. In pasture land there is a great distinction between the *pastura separatis* and *pastura in communi*: the first has an average of twelve pence, the latter about four pence per acre. In Hampton, Middlesex, the knights themselves had a flock of two thousand sheep, whose usual produce was six sacks of wool, each valued at £4 — in all £24. We suppose the modern farmer would expect to clear something like £750 from the wool of the same number of sheep.

A curious item occurs in this balance-sheet, showing that the lay impropriation of tithes was much older than the Reformation. This "appropriation of churches" was a considerable source of revenue. General Porter remarks that in the case of sixteen churches, the amount paid to the order was the nice little sum of £241 6s. 8d., while the cost to the knights of providing chaplains was only £34 10s. They made "good affairs," as the French say.

Mr. Kemble thinks that we may gather from this balance-sheet that certain reasonable compositions had been agreed upon between the knights and their *villani*, or unfree tenants, making payments in kind, or giving a *fixed* amount of labor at *stated* seasons, instead of being called upon at the will and caprice of their lord. This arrangement would probably tend to smooth matters very much between the landlord and villain. The income derived by the order from the socagers, or free tenants, proves that a large proportion of their lands were rented out — a fact not without significance in estimating the number and position of the farmer class in the fourteenth century. It must be remembered that there was hardly a county in England in which the Knights of St. John did not hold manors of land at this time.

Among the notable disbursements there are heavy charges for the cost of feeding outsiders of all ranks, who had the right to live at the board. This "corrodary" or boarder, if gentle, was accommodated at the preceptor's table, and their servants

at the table of the garciones. At Clerkenwell, the headquarters of the order in England, there were boarders who were more amply and liberally treated than the brethren themselves; and if such persons were pleased to dine out of hall, they received a fixed allowance of equivalent food for themselves and servants. Some Jewish names occur amongst the boarders at Clerkenwell, suggestive of obligations to money-lenders — no uncommon state of things, seeing how the expenses of the Crusades in the preceding century had impoverished the landowners everywhere.

We now come to law expenses; and we chance upon a very litigious time, for the Order of St. John had inherited in great part the forfeited estates of the Templars. The suppression of that order had taken place a few years previously, under circumstances of revolting cruelty on the part of the French king (the story is too well known to need repeating); and though they were less hardly used in England, their property here was confiscated. Lands and houses in fifteen counties of England, formerly belonging to the Templars, were awarded to the Hospitallers, but in many cases the families of the original donors interfered with this transfer, claiming a right to enter on these forfeited estates. To obtain quiet possession of the property, a complete system of embracery, or in common parlance, bribery, was set in motion that gives us a very poor idea of justice in those days. Amongst the items in the balance-sheet are regular payments to the judges of the royal courts for general services. In the Common Bench, Sir William de Herle, chief justice, had ten pounds yearly; then follows a list of high officials with open palms, down to the clerks, who received each "a robe furred with *boget*." Bribes in the form of pensions charged on landed estates were by no means uncommon. The law officers may possibly have salved their conscience with the excuse that they were merely taking tribute from an over-rich corporate body, whose wealth, though gleaned here, was sent abroad to fatten aliens. It is almost surprising that the English, always so jealous of foreign influence, should have lived at peace with the Hospitallers. The Templars and the Teutonic knights had both failed to conciliate the world at large, or even to justify their position, as a community endowed by the benefactions of the public, with duties to perform in return for that endowment. The arrogant and intolerant character of the Teutonic knights caused

them to be ousted from their possessions in Transylvania, formerly given to them by Andrew, king of Hungary, himself a Knight of St. John. Even in Brandenburg, the special home of the German order, their rule was but sullenly endured. Certainly in England the Hospitallers seem to have lived peaceably enough; with one exception there was no popular rising against them. The preceptories of the order were dotted about all over the country, and appear to have been looked upon pretty much as houses of public entertainment, where travellers were welcome to stay their three days, according to the custom of the times. Hospitality must have been their bounden duty — every commandery stated that they gave reception to all *supervenientes*, and a very serious item in the expenses appeared thereunder. Sometimes the bounty of the order was *demandé*, the king having recommended certain persons as claimants for pensions and corrodies (commons), thereby exercising the right which the crown possessed over all religious houses. It appears that the manor of Hampton was heavily mulcted in the matter of hospitality, owing to its proximity to the estate of the Duke of Cornwall. This valuable manor was left to the order by Joan Lady Grey in 1211. It contained about one thousand acres of land. In 1514 it was leased by the grand prior, Sir Thomas Docwra, to "the most reverend fader in God Thomas Wuley" (Cardinal Wolsey) for ninety-nine years. We know the end of that business. But we must not anticipate; we are now narrating events in the fourteenth century, when Clerkenwell was still "a delightful plain of meadow land, interspersed with flowing streams." The grand priory was an important mass of buildings of considerable architectural merit, and here the knights had a collection of valuables brought from the East, and a good library of books and records. All these treasures perished in the insurrection of Wat Tyler in 1381. The chronicle says: "They went straight to the goodly hospital of Rhodes, called St. John, and spoyled that, and then consumed it with fyre, causing the same to burn for seven days after." The grand prior, Sir Robert Hales, was beheaded by the mob; not, however, that the knights were peculiarly obnoxious to the rioters, more than any other noblemen.

The great wealth of the order soon enabled them to rebuild their priory, and only eighteen years after the destruction of the place by Wat Tyler, they were en-

abled to offer princely hospitality to Henry IV. on the eve of his accession to the throne.

As we mentioned before, the only community of women belonging to the order was located in Somersetshire, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, "deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard-lawns." There are some interesting records of the sisterhood in Mr. Hugo's valuable paper, to which our space only permits us to allude. The beautiful situation of the Buckland Priory suggests the sweetest thoughts of holy peace, but unfortunately for the happiness of the nuns, there was a preceptory of the order close by, and the wranglings between them never ceased. The grand prior might have cried, "A plague on both your houses." He tried to make peace between them to no purpose. The preceptor complains that neither he nor his brethren "could have or get aught from these ladies, who were rather burden, charge and grievance." He had probably been stirred up in the matter of "responsions" from headquarters. The sisterhood were commonly about fifty in number, recruited mostly from the leading families in the west of England, who had often proved themselves benefactors to the priory. At the time of the dissolution of the religious houses, their numbers had dwindled down to thirteen. These ladies received pensions of £4 each from their confiscated property — rather meagre dole, it would seem. Their prioress, Katherine Boucher, received £50 a year.

This brings us to that eventful time "when the old order changeth, yielding place to new." Fuller, in his quaint manner, gives an account of the suppression of the grand priory at Clerkenwell, so terse and graphic, that we venture to repeat it.

The Knights Hospitallers [he says] being gentlemen and soldiers of ancient families and high spirits, would not be brought to present to Henry VIII. such puling petitions as other Orders had done; therefore like stout fellows they opposed any that thought to enrich themselves with their ample revenues, and stood on their defence with justification. But Barnabas Day itself hath a night, and this long-lived Order, which in England went over the graves of all others, came at last to its own. . . . Their dear friends persuaded them to submit to the king's mercie. . . . This counsel, harsh at first, grew tunable to the ears of the Hospitallers, so that, contented rather to exchange their clothes for worse than be quite stript, they resigned all into the king's hands.

Those of the knights who were fortu-

nate enough not to lose their heads, by the "king's mercie" retired to Malta. In 1549 the greater portion of the Church of St. John at Clerkenwell was blown up, for the sake of the building materials, which largely supplied the new erection of Somerset House, in the Strand.

Henry VIII. had behaved in a very capricious manner towards the knights, for only a few years before he had sent them twenty thousand crowns in war-material to aid their futile attempts to recover Rhodes.

As we know, they had to abandon their old home forever, and content themselves with Charles V.'s gift of Malta, then an almost valueless island, but destined to become, in the hands of the knights, one of the most powerful fortresses in the world. Before speaking of them under their new title of Knights of Malta, we must briefly sum up their achievements while yet in the old home of Rhodes, which, despite the grandeur and material prosperity of later days, was really the place and time of their most useful work. In reviewing the position of the order, as a factor in the history of that period, we must not forget that the commencement of the fifteenth century witnessed the increasing power of the Mahometan Turks. The victory, so disastrous to the Christians, of the battle of Varna, whereby the Turks consolidated their power in Europe, the fall of Constantinople, and the absorption of eastern provinces of Europe, were events that had followed each other rapidly. When, in 1480, the victorious Mahomet bore down upon the Christian stronghold of Rhodes, it was no vain boast, his threat of sweeping them off the face of the earth; but the knights gave him back their answer in his very teeth. The splendid defence of Rhodes, by the grand master D'Aubusson and his brave knights, is one of those heroic episodes that stand out boldly in the crowded perspective of history.

Had Rhodes not been saved at this time from the grasp of the Turks, the way to Italy would have been open to them, and Mahomet might have redeemed his word, that the banner of Islam should wave over the Capitol of Rome. The names of fourteen English knights appear as having taken part in the defence of Rhodes, and General Porter thinks that there were probably more, but "the records of the strength of the garrison and list of killed are imperfect."

Passing over nearly a century, we come to the next important repulse of the Turk-

ish power by the Order of St. John. The siege of Malta by the army of Solymán the Magnificent in 1565, signalized the first years of their possession of the island by the most brilliant feat of arms that the knights ever achieved. To fling back upon Constantinople the defeated remnant of this vast army of Turkish invincibles was not only a proud victory for La Valette and his knights, but a matter of congratulation to Europe, which had seen good reason to deplore the late disastrous battle of Mohacs and the defenceless state of Hungary. As a reward for breaking down the prestige of the Turks, the Catholic powers of Europe now showered down contributions to the treasury of Malta, and thus aided, the knights began the work of fortifying the island.

It is evident that these stupendous masses of masonry could only have been piled up by means of forced labor. The skill of the engineer is not more evident than the enduring fact that these very ramparts are themselves a monument of a terrible wrong. That prisoners of war were reduced to slavery, had long been the practice of Eastern warfare; but to the shame of the knights of Malta, it must be told that they not only continued the custom, unabated by any touch of humanity, but fostered a trade in human beings.

The truth was [says General Porter] that eventually the convent of St. John became neither more nor less than a vast slave mart. . . . At Malta the miserable trade flourished without a check. . . . The war which the knights unceasingly waged against the Ottoman maritime power was not maintained purely for the glory of the struggle, or from religious conviction as to its necessity; they found other attractions in the strife. In thus gratifying their privateering propensities, they were swelling at one and the same time their own private fortunes and the coffers of the Order. Honor there was none, religion there was none; it had degenerated into a pure mercenary speculation. . . . It is unfortunately a matter of fact, that in their anxiety to keep their slave mart at Malta well supplied, the Knights of St. John were by no means careful to discriminate between the piratical corsair and the peaceful Eastern merchant.

If theirs was the sin of selling slaves, ours was the almost greater sin of buying them. There exists a letter, under date 1673, from Charles II. of England to the grand master, complaining that the collector of taxes had demanded five pieces before certain slaves, who had been purchased by order of the king, were allowed to depart. The letter goes on to say that it is well known that the kings of France

and Spain were not charged this toll for the slaves they bought yearly at Malta.

Where slavery flourishes, all is more or less corrupt: this became apparent in every detail of the administration of the Knights of Malta; and as time went on their own lives became a scandal to Europe. A pretence of the hospital work was still kept up; but when Howard, the philanthropist, visited the place, in 1786, he speaks in terms of unmitigated abuse of the hospital and all its arrangements. He says: "The patients numbered about five hundred. These were served by the most dirty, ragged, unfeeling, and inhuman persons I ever saw. I once saw eight or nine of them highly entertained with a delirious, dying patient. The slow hospital fever (the inevitable consequence of closeness, uncleanness, and dirt) prevails here." The moral degeneracy went further than neglected duties; the vaunted bravery of the knights failed them; they had already accepted the aid of foreign troops to defend their island. This French protectorate began in 1775; a few years more and the end was at hand. Revolutionary France was not likely to leave this semi-religious and wholly aristocratic body in peaceful possession of their rich manors. A decree was issued in 1792 that the order should cease to exist within the limits of France, and that their property should be annexed to the national domains. This decree was the signal for a general plunder of the commanderies; the knights themselves mostly sought refuge in Malta. In 1798, the French Directory declared themselves offended by the alleged hostility of the Order of St. John, and the annexation of Malta was resolved upon. This was effected by Buonaparte, almost without the firing of a gun. The vast treasures of the order, consisting of much antique gold and silver plate, were seized by the French and shipped on board the "Orient"—never destined, however, to reach the shores of France, for the "Orient," as we all remember, blew up at the battle of the Nile, and her precious cargo lies full fathom five.

After the loss of Malta, the main body of the knights sought shelter in Russia, under the protection of the emperor Alexander, who took upon himself the duties of head of the order. During the passage of arms between the French and ourselves for the possession of Malta, Nelson wrote a curious letter to the emperor of Russia, giving full details of the siege operations under Captain Ball, and

oddly enough asks for the decoration of the Order of St. John for Lady Hamilton. He did so on the plea that she had induced the queen of Naples to send a large sum of money for the relief of the suffering inhabitants, the so-called subjects of the absconded knights. The emperor of course had "great pleasure" in granting the request of so distinguished a friend of both parties, and Lady Hamilton figured as a *chanoinesse* of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The bathos of this episode would hardly injure the reputation of the knights, who had survived worse scandals.

The real grand master, the unfortunate Hompesch, who, by the way, was the only German who ever held that high office, was meanwhile dying on a foreign shore, in actual penury and want, having been defrauded of his promised pension by the French.

To all intents and purposes the Order of the Knights of Malta was at an end; their sovereignty had gone from them forever; no treaty of Amiens, or other political treaty, could foist them again upon an unwilling people, whom in the days of their arrogant prosperity they had grievously oppressed.

A certain continuity in the existence of these knightly orders has been kept up in Russia, Italy, Germany, and England. The English Freemasons claim a revival of the order as long ago as 1781, and still incorporate the titles of the Knights of Malta in their institution. The independent revival of the order was brought about in England by the Rev. Sir Robert Peat, D.D., in 1831, who was invested with the functions and authority of grand prior of the revived English *langue*, and the names of many noblemen and gentlemen were inscribed on the roll of the order.

Before speaking further of the proceedings of the English branch, we must briefly observe that in 1812, when the bailiwick of Brandenburg (an offshoot of the original fraternity) was suppressed and dissolved, the king of Prussia founded a new Order of St. John, and in Germany the "Johanniter" is in a condition of great activity. There are sixteen hospitals in different parts of the country, supplied with nearly five hundred beds; altogether most important work is being done in the true spirit of the old Hospitallers. The members of the order have shown their usefulness in recent campaigns by aiding the carrying out of the Geneva Convention for the sick and wounded in time of war. The Germans

have established again a hospital at Jerusalem, almost on the old site where the good Gerard built his noble foundation eight centuries ago: thus "God fulfils himself in many ways."

The English *langue* has also its hospice at Jerusalem, an institution particularly devoted to diseases of the eye, which are known to inflict such terrible sufferings in that country. The work is on a strictly non-sectarian basis, and crowds of afflicted Syrians crowd to this hospital for relief. It is gratifying to be able to state that the sultan of Turkey has liberally helped the funds of the institution.

It is worthy of remark that the German branch require from their members a promise that they will maintain their Protestant faith as Lutherans. At the same time they keep up their official correspondence with the headquarters of the order at Rome.

In England there is at present great activity amongst the members, as the following paragraph, which is going the round of the newspapers, will prove: "A scheme is maturing at Cambridge, under the auspices of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, by Mr. Reynolds Rowe, who has purchased a site in the town, on which he intends to build and endow a church. Hospitaller works are contemplated in connection therewith, including an infirmary for the use of the members of the university, a training school and home for nurses, and an ambulance centre."

"The St. John Ambulance Association," so well known for its useful work, is an outcome of the more direct objects of the society. It is needless to enumerate those objects. There are evils in our midst — poverty, disease, ignorance, and vice — each one more powerful than was ever Saracen of old; and as the Order of St. John insists, the fittest survival of chivalry is to fight these foes. The days of the monastic knights are gone forever, but the real work of the true Hospitaller remains to be done.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS COMPTON'S BALL.

LADY FERMOR was as good as her word. She brought Lord Fermor up to

that point of recovery which made it permissible and not outrageous that a ball should take place in his house of Lambford, where he was dragging out his weary days.

The ball had come to be called Miss Compton's ball, without any objection on the part of Lady Fermor, although she suggested an improvement.

"It may also bear the name of my worthy young neighbor, Sir William Thwaite," said the old lady demurely. "It is his first ball in Eastham, as it is my granddaughter's first ball at Lambford. Let it be Miss Compton and Sir William Thwaite's ball, if you please. Awkward to couple the two names together, do you think? Oh! I don't mind it," declared Lady Fermor, with such an unblushing amount of candor, that it sounded as if there was something under it, something to excuse the indiscretion.

But the persons appealed to judged that the union of names was premature, to say the least. Even supposing Miss Compton and Sir William had got so far as a betrothal, England was not Germany, where betrothals were announced like marriages, and betrothed pairs appeared in public together the same as husband and wife. As for Lady Fermor, she did not care what the hypocrites and fools called the ball if they came to it, and it served her purpose.

Mr. Mildmay and his wife lent Lambford their countenance for the event. He was simply and strictly polite as usual. She looked frightened to speak or move lest she should compromise herself, while she stuck to her husband like his shadow, as if she might require his protection at any moment.

"Does the good woman think I shall take a bite of her?" protested Lady Fermor in one of her slight asides. But both Mrs. Mildmay and Lady Fermor knew it was not being bitten but being socially contaminated that the lady dreaded. It was a little compensation to her, for being dragged down to face this horrible ordeal, to be able to take stock, covertly, of the possessions among which she was to reign as the future Lady Fermor. Mrs. Mildmay did not count Iris one of these possessions, and would almost as soon have proposed to be on confidential terms with the wicked old grandmother as with the innocent young granddaughter. In fact Mrs. Mildmay, though she was not worse than other colorless, cowardly, self-engrossed women, had very little doubt that Miss Compton's innocence was nothing

better than a callow stage of wickedness, and felt disposed to regard it as more invidious, if less repulsive, than the advanced stages.

Iris was glad to turn from the chill of Mrs. Mildmay's unthawed reserve, and her constant withdrawal to her husband's side, to the friendly presence of Lucy Acton, who had been allowed to spend a few days at Lambford to support Iris on the great occasion of her ball. It was something like a preparation for home gaiety to have Lucy on one of her rare visits, and to grow enthusiastic in her company over the dresses, the decorations, the dancing, the supper. Iris would have taken delight in them all had she not been behind the scenes, whereas Lucy happened to be a matter-of-fact girl, who took things as she found them, and did not seek to look below the surface. She was a good daughter, and an assiduous helper of her father and mother, both with the parish and the younger children. She was a faithful friend to Iris, and paid back with easy fondness the girl's fervent affection. But Lucy Acton was not gifted either with much sensitiveness of feeling or discrimination of character. She was inferior to Iris both in heart and mind. Her personal appearance was of less consequence; but in this case the body reflected the spirit. Lucy Acton was a well-grown, rather comely, but perfectly commonplace-looking young gentlewoman, the color of whose hair and eyes, and the shape of whose nose and mouth, though quite well defined, her acquaintances were constantly in danger of forgetting. A crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand would not have made her look otherwise than a contented, every-day individual. But Lucy was worth a great deal to Iris, and the solitary girl warmed into something of the pride and pleasure which the ball at home called for. The two girls were excitedly comparing notes on all the important items that belong to such an entertainment — surreptitiously inspecting the ball-room and supper-room — dwelling in delighted half-mystification on what was to be the distinguishing characteristic of the evening — fluttering from Iris's room to Lucy's to gaze upon this dress or that, and compare these flowers and those, and study the programme till they had it by heart.

"It must be so nice for you to have a ball at Lambford, dear," said Lucy in all sincerity. "You are the young lady of the house, and therefore the queen of the ball. It is for you to confer honor and

bestow pleasure, though you may kindly share your good things. Won't you like it very much? I am so glad Lady Fermor thought of it at last."

"Yes, it is kind of grandmamma," said Iris, hesitating a little, with a momentary cloud coming over her small face. "Of course I like to have a ball of my own, and to invite my friends. They are not very many now — that is one drawback," she remarked quickly. "Other girls are happy in loads of home relations and family friends. Where there is an affair of this kind, the house itself is overflowing with kindred near and remote. But grandpapa and grandmamma are old, and have outlived whole generations, and that makes a difference," she broke off with a sigh.

She had conjured up a vision such as she had read of, rather than seen, of a girl with loving sisters and brothers, with a mother of whom she was proud, who held her child dear, and a father whom she could trust implicitly, who guarded her as the apple of his eye — a family who were among the salt of the earth, whose friendship was coveted and prized by like-minded people, arriving in troops to take part in their festival.

"But in that case you would not be the one queen, with an undisputed, undivided sovereignty. I know there are girls who hate the idea of rivals, even in their own family, and are ready to be thankful that they have no sisters to come in and claim any portion of the attention that falls to their share. But there is no use in speaking of them, for I know you are not a bit like them. As for myself, I must say I should not care to be without King Lud, and Susan, and Georgie, and the rest — not to say without the poor dear father and mother, to be handed back to a former generation. I have not more than one grandmother living, the kindest granny in the world, at Birkett, you know, Iris," said the literal Lucy. "But it's the will of Providence, and we must all submit to the will of Providence," she quoted glibly from her stereotyped speeches by cottage sick-beds and in the Sunday-school. "We ought to make the best of things, and to feel contented and cheerful, as I know you do, Iris. Only I don't know why you let your deprivations — we all have our deprivations — it would not be good for us if we had not — crop up on the afternoon of your ball. You are not badly off for a birthday treat this year, and I do hope that Mr. and Mrs. Mildmay behave well to you."

Iris winced a little at this suggestion, even from Lucy Acton. Neither of the girls knew a great deal of the old, miserable embroilments of the family, but they were acquainted with the general outline—that Tom Mildmay was the son of Lord Fermor's younger brother, who had, further, married a sister of the first Lady Fermor. It was understood that there had been an entire breach between the two branches of the family for many years, and that though young Mildmay submitted to a patched-up reconciliation for his own interest, he looked with hostile eyes, under his cold courtesy, on Lady Fermor and all her belongings. Iris, though she was his cousin once removed, was also Lady Fermor's granddaughter and heiress. In the last light she was likely to contest with Mr. Mildmay such money as the old lord could "will away," either with or from the entailed estate. When it is further taken into consideration that Tom Mildmay was a married man and the father of a family, that he had only the modest income of a moderately successful barrister, tacked on to Lord Fermor's allowance to his heir-at-law, wherewith to maintain his household, it may be argued that he would have been more than human if he had been able to entertain a strong regard for Iris. Perhaps it was to the credit of both that, in their formal intercourse, he could preserve towards her a species of neutrality.

"My dear Lucy, there is not a fault to be found with the Mildmays' behavior, unless, indeed, they behave too well," replied Iris hastily. "They are never off their good behavior, as people sometimes say of children, with rather a stand-off result, to be sure."

"Then you ought to be satisfied," Lucy hastened to say, with a tone of sensible, affectionate reproach. "You should not spoil your grand birthday ball with crying for the moon, and raising up bugbears of trials and troubles."

"I don't mean to spoil anything," insisted Iris, still a little ruefully. "But it is not my birthday ball; that is another contradiction; my birthday was on the 29th of June, as you remembered, when you sent me that pretty, kind card. I spent it all alone without even you to speak to; grandpapa was lying at his worst, grandmamma would not come down, and she did not care for me to go up and help her to nurse him. But I did try to submit and make the best of things. It was a lovely day and I had a new book which I cared for, and took with me into

the woods. Fancy how delightful they were while they were still fresh and full of flowers, and all the birds were singing! Mrs. Pole had baked a cake for my express benefit, and Susan and Georgie ran over to inquire for grandpapa, in time for afternoon tea, and helped me to eat it. Then we heard poor grandpapa was better and had enjoyed some hours of refreshing sleep. I am not sure whether a ball like this which we are going to have, would have made me so very much happier on my real birthday than I was, after all."

"That is going to the opposite extreme and talking nonsense still," said Lucy briskly. "I won't have you grow unsocial; but it is more likely you will have your little head turned with the compliments and flattery and all that sort of thing which you will be receiving presently. It is rather a pity that it is later in the season than the 29th of June, for then it was moderately cool, while the 30th of July is really too hot for anything save a garden party. I wonder Lady Fermor did not change the ball into a garden party, Iris."

"She was set on the ball and had made her arrangements; besides, I fancy garden parties were not so common when she was young. However, we are to have something of the kind too, and you will be there, Lucy. Mind you must not cheat us of our due, and escape to a mothers' meeting, or a cottage reading at the other end of the parish. The Mildmays have half consented to stay and go, and Lady Thwaite is to preside, though it was grandmamma's idea, and I believe it was her influence which brought it about."

"I am not going to make any difficulty; I am not often in such request," said Lucy merrily. "I enjoy a treat just as much as the school children do. But you have never told me where this one is to be."

"At Whitehills, at Sir William Thwaite's," said Iris composedly. "He is to have the second cutting of hay in the water meadows just beyond the park, to-morrow. We are all to go down after luncheon to look on at the hay-making, and I suppose to help also if we have a weakness for playing at Daphnes and Chloes. Lady Thwaite is to give us tea in her old drawing-room. Poor soul! I dare say she will not like it, though she can laugh and carry off her troubles as well as most people. The rector thinks she has behaved beautifully to Sir William, though, as you say, we all have our

deprivations. Oh, Lucy," went on Iris, in the rambling manner of a person who is saying everything that is crowding into her head, without stopping to classify the materials, "I should not be surprised if the Hollises were there. Grandmamma will take care that they have an invitation. I think the hay-making will help us to subside gracefully into our usual soberness. I have only been at two or three balls before, and I confess I felt headachy and dawdling and do nothing, for days after the ball."

Lucy had heard the name of the host, and of his local habitation, with a modified "Oh!" She was too busy a girl to be quite familiar with all the last confident gossip which served to confirm idle guesses and audacious prognostications. But she knew enough, to have put it to any other girl as intimate with her as Iris Compton, whether she were going to marry Sir William Thwaite. But somehow Lucy could not ask such a question of Iris Compton. Girls, especially fairly educated, well-bred girls, may be very good friends, without exchanging love confidences. In this case there was none to exchange. Iris had none, and if she had, the greater depth and delicacy of her nature would have made her shy of confiding it, till the very last moment, to her dearest friend.

It seemed only the other day that Iris and Lucy Acton had speculated, with the rest of their world, on the anomaly of a clownish squire at Whitehills, and asked each other if he would be fit to enter a drawing-room, and how they should shake hands with him when he might swing their arms like a pendulum or crush their rings into their fingers. What should they find to say to him, especially if they wished to propitiate him — supposing Lucy sought a subscription for her pet cottage hospital or any one of her missions, and Iris was solicitous to abet her?

When brought to the test the difficulty had not proved so insurmountable to a girl with an exceptionally tender heart and single mind. But Lucy had only an inkling of this, while it struck her that Sir William's name was constantly coming up in the conversation.

On Iris's tablets, which were not left clean ivory, it was recorded that she was to have Mr. Hollis for her first partner, while Mr. Mildmay was to dance with Mrs. Hollis. This was a piece of county etiquette. Iris again, as a piece of family etiquette, was to waltz the first waltz with Tom Mildmay.

"And I hope you will give the third dance to King Lud," suggested Lucy, using her brother Ludovic's family nickname.

"No, nothing quite so good," answered Iris. "I am to have Sir William for my third partner."

"But can he dance? are you sure?" urged Lucy, in alarm for the consequences. "Will he not trample on your toes till they are like jelly, or tear your skirt to tatters?"

"Oh! no," answered Iris, laughing fearlessly. "At least grandmamma vouches for him, and scouts at any doubt. It is only a quadrille, so that I cannot come to great grief. But I don't think he would attempt what he knew nothing about. He has sense and observation. You must remember I have seen a good deal of him since grandmamma has received him into high favor. I have not seen her make so much of anybody for a long time; she keeps him mostly to herself, but occasionally I have to talk to him, or play to him, or take a turn with him on the terrace. It is not nearly so awkward and uncomfortable as we feared. I believe he is rather a nice fellow. Plain? Oh! without any pretence, homely, and not particularly bright; though it is hard to judge of a man brought up quite differently from ourselves. He never drinks anything save water, because he promised to a friend that he would not touch strong drink. Then you know Jenny Rogers, the little table-maid out of your class, whom I like so much? She tells me that she has a brother a groom up at Whitehills; since the rain and heat he has been attacked with rheumatic fever, and Dr. Snell is attending him at the Whitehills offices. Sir William goes to see Bill Rogers every day, and lifts him in his arms, as if he were the servant and Bill the master. He offered to read to him to ease the pain and help to pass the time, just as he has read the newspapers to grandmamma during a fit of her gout. The book was to be what the lad liked, but he had no choice, so that Sir William took over 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' which I had told him to get, when we happened one day to speak of boys' sports. I am so proud of having mentioned it, because he said it was first-rate. I declare," said Iris impulsively, with her sweet smile, "I am falling quite in love with poor Sir William, though he is a rough diamond. His eyes are like a woman's, or like a dumb animal's when it is trying to make itself understood."

It was a frank announcement, which

did not sound promising, and Lucy did not mistake it for a moment.

Lady Fermor had ordered a dress for her granddaughter from a court dress-maker, and the old lady turned out certain jewels from her jewel-case for Iris to wear. Had the girl known their history, the thought of it would have burnt into her pure, just soul as if the jewels were red-hot and scorching her tender flesh; but Iris did not know, and her ignorance was more than bliss, it was unsullied righteousness.

Lady Fermor had spared nothing for the occasion. She had even condescended to consult Lady Thwaite on what novel luxury, elegance, or eccentricity would bestow *éclat* on the ball. Formerly Lady Fermor's attempts in this direction had tended to aristocratic, but rather riotous orgies. She now sought to establish a different character for Iris's ball. She was asking the suffrages of the neighbors, and she made a concession to their prejudices to the extent of letting it be known that Miss Compton's ball was to be a ball pure and simple. There was to be no cosy room, with green tables, to attract stragglers from the chalked floors. For once play was abjured at Lambford.

Lady Thwaite had suggested a foreign fashion of dancing the cotillon. It certainly called for expensive accessories, but it might be new in Eastham, though it had been ridden to death half-a-dozen seasons ago in London, and had fallen back in a great measure on its native ground of French and Austrian ball-rooms. But Lady Thwaite could think of nothing better as a surprise to tickle and charm the natives, and Lady Fermor adopted the device.

Iris and Lucy met to put the finishing touches to each other's toilets. Iris's costume was made up of white silk, tulle, and lilies, with long grassy leaves. It might have been looked down upon as insipid, tame, and old-fashioned by the man-milliner Worth and his prostrate American and English worshippers, but she had never worn anything so befitting her youth and beauty. As she looked at herself in the long mirror, her face beamed with girlish gladness at her own fair image. It beamed still more brightly, though bashfully, when Lucy cried out in honest exultation, "Iris, dear, you look — I won't say how you look," for she knew Iris, however pleased by her friendly admiration, would still feel affronted if she were told to her face that she was beautiful. "Your dress is charming. Madame

deserves her reputation and her prices," with a little sigh; for poor Lucy — one of the many children of a much-hampered clergyman — had to be satisfied with an old pink silk of her mother's, which had seen much service but was still supposed to pass muster when covered with fresh tarlatan.

"I am so happy you like everything about me," said Iris, with her soft blushes, "but if love were not blind, you would see that all is needed where there is a face like a Queen Anne's sixpence, and a big bump to be concealed by real thatch," and she stirred with her forefinger the silken tangle above the disproportionate forehead.

The next moment Iris forgot herself in inventing improvements on Lucy's dress. She would gladly have given her friend a new gown for the occasion, while Lucy and her mother would not have been too proud to accept the gift. But Iris, though a prospective heiress, had little more pocket-money at her disposal than Lucy possessed. Neither was Iris at liberty to transfer for a night one of the diamonds glittering at her throat and waist, and on the band passed through her hair. It was only her love, taste, and skill, and a few perishing flowers, which Iris could lavish on her friend. But Iris looped up here, and gathered together there, and festooned with ferns and *géant de bataille* roses, till Lucy protested with gratification she would not have known her gown, and that Iris had far too clever fingers for anybody save a dressmaker.

"There is not much of you, but we have made the most of it," said Lady Fermor, when Iris went to show herself. The mistress of Lambford spoke from the superabundance of her purple velvet and ermine, which only royalty, condemned to wear robes of state, or eighty years of age, with an icy finger on its veins, could have borne on a July night after the Goodwood races had sounded the retreat to the rear-guard of fashion from suffocating London rooms. "See that *you* do the best for yourself, child," said the ancient oracle, "and make your hay when the sun shines. Don't be such a fool as to think you are everybody's bargain, and lose the only chance that may fall to your lot."

Iris was accustomed to her grandmother's speeches. She had got into the habit of not stopping to analyze them when they held anything enigmatical. Where was the good of pulling words to pieces in order to find beneath them gall and wormwood, ashes, golden powder from the

great image of Mammon, stamped small and strewn on the water which men and women were to drink for their daily refreshment?

The little-used ball-room at Lambford was one of the finest, least-spoilt rooms in the house. Iris's taste and dextrous fingers had been there too in the decorations. She had laughed to herself as she indulged in her little spurt at the æsthetic mania, with which she was so familiar from her studies of *Punch* and the other illustrated papers. She had introduced the great tawny discs of sunflowers and shields of peacocks' feathers among the drapery of ivy, Virginian creeper, and clematis. "Even Punch, and Toby, and 'the Colonel,' of whom one has read, would own the effect was good if they were here to-night."

CHAPTER XV.

IRIS WITH THE BALL AT HER FOOT.

THE guests, though there was a shade of shyness and stiffness about them at first, because they were conscious of replacing a different company, did not disgrace the scene. True, Mrs. Mildmay was more colorless than ever in her pale grey satin. She would have liked, if she had dared, to have her gown black, and to wear no ornaments but her pearls, which might have stood for congealed tears of reluctance and consternation. She drew Mr. Mildmay aside into the conservatory, and begged him to tell her which were the least objectionable people present. She got into a scare, and pointed out the Hollises' party as certainly disreputable.

"My dear Amelia," replied the harassed gentleman, "it is quite right that you should be particular about the company you keep, no husband worthy of the name could blame his wife for being careful on such an important point. But for heaven's sake don't go into a panic and do yourself and me irreparable injury. Remember this is to be our future home and these are to be our neighbors. There is nothing wrong with anybody here to-night, unless it be that stout, bottle-nosed man in the corner, whom there is not the slightest occasion for you to notice. Lady Fermor knows better than to have us down to countenance her old associates;" and the small, pompous man, who was to be the future Lord Fermor, spread out his chest, and brushed up his flaxen hair, which was in a higher top than usual, and drew his fingers through the "Piccadilly

weepers" of his long moustache and beard. "Besides, the old woman is not such a fool as to compromise that girl and the lout on whom she is to be bestowed. I wish they would take themselves farther off than Whitehills, certainly; but the rank-and-file 'baronet' may be more easily dealt with than a finer gentleman. Now, just to show you how much you may be mistaken, and how near you may go to impairing our future comfort here, the very people you have singled out as objectionable are the most unexceptionable in the whole room, so far as birth, fortune, and irreproachable antecedents go."

"You don't say so, Thomas!"

"Fact, I assure you. Indeed, the family is so irreproachable that the present people must needs trade on their immunity from scandal, and begin to play pranks. Hollis is of a very old Eastham family, who have left their estates unencumbered—not the usual practice with the gentry here—neither will he impair them. He is an excellent man and admirable magistrate, though not so much master in his own house as he is on the bench. Mrs. Hollis had a large fortune and is equally well descended—she is nearly related to the Marquis of Eastham's family—all of which is perhaps at the bottom of the mischief. I mean these people can do anything they like, and they, especially the young people among them, have chosen lately to revive many of the tricks and tom-fooleries of a former generation. I cannot help thinking it is a pity, but there is no serious harm in it, and it must be overlooked in their case. You can see for yourself what thorough aristocrats these two pretty girls are, though they have early shown themselves fond of making people stare."

Tom Mildmay's definition of the Hollises was not a bad one. Either they and their actions were a singular relic of the rudely healthy thoughtlessness, half-haughty hoydenishness, and half-refined, half-barbarous horse-play of their predecessors, or else the existence of these qualities was one sign amongst others that, in the moral as in the physical revolutions of the world, we are constantly edging back to a good deal that we were fain to hope we had outlived. Thus the Puritanism of the Commonwealth was replaced by the license of Charles II.'s reign, and the virtues of good King George III.'s court were replaced by the vices of the Regency. At such eras old quips and cranks and odd traditional

practices come to the front again. Such were the unbridled, giddy love of fun — not ending with boyhood or girlhood, and the feather-headed, unscrupulous devotion to frolic for which nobody was responsible, that had distinguished the Marquis of Eastham's race when its members were contemporaries of the wits and bullies of the earlier Georgian chronicles. The same characteristics had reappeared strongly marked in the family lately. It was a remarkable testimony to the influence of blood and to the truism that there is nothing new under the sun, so that biography must repeat itself, to discover how decided the attributes were in a branch from the main line, consisting mostly of women, like the Hollises. For the sons were rarely at home, and Mr. Hollis, representing generally the sole male element in the family, had no quicksilver blood in his veins.

Mrs. Hollis had laughed and grown fat like Lady Thwaite. She was in a measure *hors de combat* where active sport was concerned. But she would not stand in the way of nonsense — which she enjoyed with the zest of the youngest engaged in it — or hinder her girls in their maddest escapades.

It was difficult to believe what these two stately-looking nymphs, certainly with roguery peeping out, now and again, from beneath the stateliness, had dared to do and to leave undone. All Eastham would have been up in arms against the culprits, if they had not been the Hollises, who might do anything.

Maudie and Nanny Hollis had dressed themselves like farmer's daughters, and driven a market cart through Cavesham, stopping at every door when required, measuring out and selling peas and early potatoes, blackberries, and cherries, much as Sarah Jennings, the future Duchess of Marlborough, dispensed oranges, for a wager, in the streets of London.

The Misses Hollis were never out of their mail phaeton, during the summer, when they had a brother at home. They coaxed him to let one of the girls blow the horn, and the troop had been known to draw up, and invite each marvelling stray pedestrian they met to avail himself of their cattle and trap.

Sometimes zeal for the improvement of the human kind was engrafted on the family foible. The young ladies would arm themselves with a formidable array of brushes, brooms, and pails, and force an entrance into a cottage closed for the day. Dainty hands would splash and

sweep and souse with such good will, that the cottagers, returning from toilsome field work, craving slutish rest, would stand transfixed before a dwelling reeking and running down with cleanliness, and half-dried whitewash. Every chair and table had been ousted to undergo soaping and scrubbing; every cherished old secret hole, full of rubbish, stood gaping in emptiness, in the garish light of day. It never appeared to occur to the imperious, gleeful philanthropists what their feelings might have been if Thornbrake, with all their pet retreats, had been so assaulted, taken by storm, and well-nigh washed and swept off the face of the earth.

At another time it would be the children the girls would rout out of their hiding-places and hunt into the Hollises' school, which was under no officious, troublesome board. There the young idea was taught to shoot in a wholly fitful and grotesque manner. According to the amateur schoolmistresses' moods they would set their small scholars such astounding lessons as no youthful brain could compass, which drove the juvenile fry and their parents to the verge of despair. Or Nanny Hollis would undertake to enact the entire drama of "Punch and Judy" for the benefit of the assembly.

Withal, the Hollises were kind-hearted in their heedlessness. Whole and half sovereigns, which to be sure they never missed, were continually finding a way into Lucy Acton's or her father's purse, so as to salve, in the people's day of distress, what wounds had been dealt to the pride which still survived in the stolid day-laborers, and doltish, unskilled mechanics of Eastham.

Nanny and Maudie Hollis were the most simply dressed girls in the room, but for the gleam of some of their mother's jewels, to which Lady Fermor's ill-gotten gems had been nothing. The sisters sat demurely by Mrs. Hollis's side, and it was only those that knew the madcaps best, who entertained an unerring apprehension that the long, sleepy-looking eyes — the true Eastham eyes, under the well-pencilled brows — were glancing out from beneath their lids in search of prey.

Lady Thwaite's weeds had passed gracefully into black satin and bugles, and a Queen Mary cap. She had fulfilled what had been expected of her. She had brought with her a train of young nephews, and nieces, and cousins, to whom any ball was welcome. She was sincere in seeking that neither Miss Compton's ball, nor the great *conp* which Lady

Thwaite had herself inaugurated, should prove a fiasco, only if either did she was not called upon to cry over it. She was easy in her mind with respect to "hedging," so far as any woman could perform that prudent, manly measure, where the ball and any results that might follow the ball were in question.

The officers from Birkett had appeared to a man, and Lady Thwaite was taking some of those she knew into her confidence about her special part of the programme. When the best that could be brought forward was said of Sir William, he was not the man who could be chosen with any prospect of a successful issue — nay, with anything save trembling apprehension — to figure as a master of the ceremonies in a *jeu de société*. There he stood, half-hidden among a knot of men at one of the doors, so that though many an eye was turned upon him, and many a whisper breathed his name, he did not suffer from an overwhelming consciousness of observation. He could pass muster, tugging at his gloves, in his well-fitting dress-coat, with the camellia, which Lady Fermor had herself picked for him, stuck in his button-hole.

Iris had danced with Mr. Hollis and received the kindest encouragement from the white-bearded, indulgent, too indulgent master of Thornbrake, whom his wife and daughters set at nought, coaxed and laughed at as "poor old dad," and "Peter," whereas he was not a descendant of the old Hollises for nothing, and his Christian name in reality was "Adrian."

Iris had waltzed her punctilious waltz with her cousin till, before the three rounds were ended, she felt alarmingly infected by his solemnity. She was glad to exchange her partner for Sir William, who went through the quadrille to the admiration of the sceptical and the credit of his dancing-master, though not without some loss of equanimity.

"Poor man," Iris secretly compassionated him, "how pale he has grown! surely the game is not worth the candle." At the same time she darted a triumphant challenge of the eyes to Lucy. "Shall I introduce them?" Iris pondered. "Of course the rector has called, and Sir William knows some of the family, but I think this is the first time he has happened to meet Lucy, and she has been sitting for the last dance. He would not be a bad partner if he would appear to forget what he is doing, and not leave his partner to find all the small talk. He looks as well as any man present. I am

not sure that he does not look better. His figure is not at all bad, if it were not so bolt upright; then he has got quite beautiful eyes, and I like his chestnut hair. If Lucy were very captivating she might pave the way for a handsome subscription to her cottage hospital. He could afford it, for grandmamma is always saying what a fine estate Whitehills is."

Iris's good intentions were nipped in the bud by Lady Thwaite's claiming Sir William and carrying him off in mystified reluctance to be presented to Maudie Hollis. This movement was the consequence of a short conversation which had passed between the two ladies.

"Where is Orson, Lady Thwaite?" inquired the younger. "You don't tell me that he is dancing with Iris Compton? What next? He will be found able to read and write, and then he will be like everybody else; he will not be worth his salt."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Lady Thwaite. She was a little nettled, for Sir William, though she could laugh at him when it suited her, was her late husband's heir and her *protégé*. Like many women, when she was piqued, she became specially affectionate with a sort of bitter-sweet affectionateness. Besides, she had known the Hollis girls all their lives, and felt free to take them to task. "I should not wonder, Maudie, though he were better read for a man than you are for a woman. Every class can command wonderful advantages now. Sir William had a fair elementary education, and he is a reading man."

"He may easily be better read than we are," said Maudie Hollis unblushingly, "if he has gone beyond a few novels, which make me yawn all the time I am reading them, though it was rather good fun smuggling them into the house, under papa's nose, in the guise of histories and sermons. But Sir William Lumpkin is disappointing," went on Maudie with a pout. "What is the use of the fine story of the man's having been a private soldier, if he is to be just like every other partner we meet? But I mean to give him another chance. Won't you introduce him, Lady Thwaite?"

"Certainly."

Lady Thwaite brought him over, and, to her gratification, Sir William went through the introduction with a coolness which would have been miraculous, had it not admitted of an explanation. The well-filled room contained only one woman for Sir William Thwaite, and that woman

was Iris Compton. To dance with her was rapture and torment, in which former scenes came flashing back to taunt, cow, and sicken him. To every other woman there he was profoundly indifferent, and indifference in certain instances lends ease, freedom, even a species of distinction to the manner. But Sir William did not immediately avail himself of the privilege of asking Maudie Hollis to dance. He stood looking, a little as if he wondered what he had been brought there to do, till she suggested that she was dying to waltz to the particular air which the orchestra was playing.

"Then hadn't we better try it?" he said, and whirled her round carefully and correctly.

"Orson's a humbug," she whispered to her sister, when the couple stood still to rest, and Nanny Hollis with her partner stopped beside them. "There is not a rise to be got out of him. I think the field-marshal should make an investigation what the men who take the queen's shilling are really drilled in — the goose-step or waltzing. If he had been a Scotchman, and we had stood up in a reel, I could have understood it; I believe Scotch children are born dancing reels, and only need the sound of the bagpipes to make them skip and whoop like red Indians. But a waltz! Yet, I assure you, there is nothing at all odd in his waltzing. Why, I thought we should be the spectacle of the room, and I might be reduced to spraining my ankle or fainting to put an end to it, and he only touches me as if I were glass, and lets me go when he has the opportunity. I wonder what Iris Compton sees in him? But you can try him, if you like. I dare say Captain Ryder will not object to change partners, and Orson may think it is the rule in our set. Then Peter will be pleased to see us both dance with Sir William, though the worthy soul has no notion of match-making."

"Of course not," answered Nanny. "Peter only thinks we are good, polite children, to dance with everybody who asks us, and not to affront a stuck recruiting sergeant."

In the mean time Iris had been allowed to follow her inclination and waltz with her fast friend, Ludovic Acton, as they had waltzed together hundreds of times before, since the juvenile days when they disputed hotly about their steps, and she asserted that he trod on her toes, while he retorted that she had nearly pulled his arms off.

Lieutenant Ludovic had developed into a big and incomprehensible fellow, comely, like his sister Lucy, but with more individuality in the comeliness, which defied and conquered a mass of material, for he was big, with sandy hair and moustache, and an inclination to chubbiness in his cheeks. At home he was the gentlest and most inoffensive of male beings, the most dutiful and affectionate of sons and brothers, whose principal weakness displayed itself in a passion for musical instruments of a languishing and die-away description. He never came home from foreign service without bringing back a new flute or mandolin. It would have been his joy to have played accompaniments to his mother's and sisters' performances on the old piano all day long. It was his sorrow that with all the will in the world to oblige the family's darling, they had so little time to avail themselves of his powers.

But no sooner had Ludovic rejoined his ship than the most extraordinary reports reached the rectory and his neighbors regarding him. The mild, strumming fellow was all but blown up by his forwardness in torpedo practice. He had leaped overboard in the happy hunting-ground of sharks, and risked his valuable life twice over to save a wretched Malay woman. He had volunteered to take the command of a boat on an exploring expedition among the ice near one of the poles. And when the crew landed on a frost-bound coast, and on false information took a journey over the snow, which was likely to be their last, he left the exhausted, despairing men huddled together in their hut, and made an awful journey back alone. He crossed the wild, white waste, with no companion save an Esquimaux dog, and no sound to break the stillness of death but the roar of a bear, the bay of a wolf, or the scream of a bald-headed eagle.

These performances were certainly removed by an immeasurable distance from any experience which his home and native place had of King Lud; and he was so hurt and indignant if anybody ventured to approach the subject that his familiars were driven to the verge of doubting whether he could really be the hero of the exploits which were put in his name. Had they not rather been performed by some gallant young man who was unaccountably defrauded of his due, while Ludovic Acton, as his manner seemed to imply, had, by an absurd mistake, been falsely accredited with the glory? In spite of the bewilderment which attended

on the young man's honors, King Lud was justly the pride of his father's and mother's hearts and the idol of his sisters. Iris Compton, too, was proud and fond of him. She had only escaped a deeper feeling because of the familiarity which paralyzes the imagination, and because one of the finest fellows in the world did not happen to entertain any deeper feeling for her.

All the difference which the advance from boy and girlhood to young man and womanhood had made in the relations between Ludovic Acton and Iris Compton was that, after frequent separations and renewals of intercourse, the couple were able, as a tribute to social forms, to address each other in public as Mr. Acton and Miss Compton, instead of King Lud and Iris.

Therefore Sir William, with his unmasked face, need not have looked every time he passed the pair as if he would enjoy swearing "like a trooper," according to Maudie Hollis's graphic description. Even if he had heard their conversation, so primitive a fellow might have felt elated rather than depressed by it.

"Don't you think Sir William Thwaite waltzes very nicely?" said Iris, looking with approving eyes on the waltzer. "Oh! I hope Lucy sees him."

Ludovic had been interrupted in an enthusiastic account he was giving of a zither. He did not dream of resenting his partner's lapse of interest in his conversation; but he looked at her a little curiously in his quiet way. "A lady is the best judge of a fellow's waltzing," he said cautiously, pulling his fawn-colored moustache; "but if you ask me — I should not have presumed to offer any criticism, mind, if you had not put it to me — I should say the gentleman is just a trifle labored in his performance, and occupied with it. No doubt art will soon become second nature."

"Now, Mr. Acton, that is very ill-natured of you, particularly as we are speaking of dancing, not of singing, or playing on the banjo," said Iris saucily; "and I do not know what you mean by professing not to presume to give me an opinion, till it is solicited."

"Don't you?" responded King Lud dubiously; "but may I inquire what Lucy has to do with it?"

"Yes, Lucy was so conceited as to imagine Sir William could not dance at all — Sir William who is waltzing like — like Lord Palmerston when grandmamma saw him at Almacks."

"Sir William waltzes more like his dancing-master, whoever he may have been. The man is as solemn and earnest over his task as if he were earning his bread by it."

"I don't believe he ever had a dancing-master," said Iris in her ignorance, with a gay laugh. "I think he waltzes by nature — so well that you are tempted to be jealous of him, just as he is a gentleman by nature, to a greater extent than many people suppose."

It was just after this dance that Iris had her eyes opened and the ball utterly spoilt for her. The operation of having euphrasy squeezed on the eyelids may be always beneficial, as truth if we can bear it is always the best. It by no means follows that the act itself is not often exquisitely painful; indeed the occasions when it is supremely pleasant are the exceptions. Iris's enlightenment had no apparent connection with an awkward and distressing episode of the ball which had happened a little beforehand. The girl was out of the room when the unlucky blunder occurred, and she only heard a mangled version of it some time afterwards. Nevertheless the accident was partly the cause of Iris's having her eyes opened — in this as in many instances she suffered for the sins of others.

Lord Fermor had not walked since his last attack of illness, but he liked to be wheeled from room to room, to look at the company he could no longer join, and mumble greetings to any friend he recognized. Lady Fermor had directed that he should be wheeled once round the ball-room. The progress, though it disconcerted some of the guests, was made with apparent satisfaction to the poor old man, who glanced about with his lack-lustre eyes, and smiled a meaningless smile, till he came close to Lady Fermor where she sat at the top of the room. She was preparing to accost him with one of her customary challenges, in the overpoweringly hilarious tones which she always adopted towards him.

"How do you like it all, Fermor? The doings are a little slow, eh? The young folks have not the go they had when we were young."

At that moment he anticipated her, a light came into his faded eyes and a tinge of life-blood into his clay-colored cheeks. He succeeded in raising himself up, and stooped forward with an attempt at a low bow, at the same time fumbling to lay his yellow, wax-like hand on his heart. He spoke in a quavering but perfectly audible

voice. "Allow me to pay you my very best respects — my ardent homage. You must know it gives me the greatest pleasure in life to attend your assembly, Mrs. Bennet," he said, using a name which had not been mentioned in her hearing since she had dragged it through the mire.

Even she grew ghastly at the unfamiliar sound, and quailed for an instant, while everybody within hearing looked at each other in dismay, and poor Mrs. Mildmay was so appalled, that her husband had to hurry her away in search of instant restoratives, lest she should groan aloud or faint on the spot.

The next moment Lady Fermor had signed to the servant who was wheeling the chair to move on, had pulled herself together, looked round defiantly, and startled her next neighbor by asking her how she liked the new fashion of puffed sleeves, like pillows with strings tied round them.

But there was a disturbing impression produced at the worst time; for there was a lull in the dancing, while the gentlemen whom Lady Thwaite, as mistress of the ceremonies for Lady Fermor, had deputed to be *aides de camp*, were assuming their stewards' bows and ribands, and consulting together about the bringing on of the *pièce de résistance*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AN IDLE HOUR IN MY STUDY.

I HAVE deserted a fairly merry party, who seemed fifteen minutes ago determined to have a lengthy evening — with a good piece of the night thrown in — at the round table. By that last expression I do not intend to secularize a phrase which has been consecrated to the Pen-dragon chivalry; I only wish to have it understood that my friends and relatives are, in right merry pin, gathered about a table that is round; and as it is the only one, save little tea-dots, which, being of that form, appertains to me, I have used the definite article. That explanation will, as I hope, appease any and every shade which in the neighborhood of Tintagel or Caerleon may look over the shoulders of "Maga's" readers, as all ingenuous shades are known to do. And I proceed to say that, notwithstanding my sincere respect and affection for amusements which are enjoyed at round tables, I have sought my desk this evening in-

tending to make progress with a literary labor which I have in hand.

But I find myself little inclined to settle to steady work. I have been greatly exercised all day by an account which an acquaintance has given me of a large and cruel piece of villany which has been perpetrated lately in America, and by a wealthy man. My informant was eloquent on this subject. He has resided in America, and has adopted the ideas of levellers, pessimists, and others, which are becoming prevalent there. Though an honest, liberal-minded man in most things, he has a strong prejudice against riches in general, and says they never fail to corrupt their owners; while he holds the poor and humble to be the only virtuous people. These notions disturb me. I know that they are not true. But, while one's nerves are tingling at the great depravity of a rich rogue, one longs to fortify one's belief by reviewing this question of the comparative merits of rich and poor.

That many poor persons and many poor communities are incorruptibly honest, I have no doubt at all. Indeed I have experience which enables me to say positively that such honest people do exist. Once in days long gone by, it was my lot to go and live, and carry out some transactions of importance, in a remote and very wild district — wild, that is, as to its natural features. I asked a friend who had been there before me, whether it was necessary to be always armed there, and he laughed at the idea.

"You may send," said he, "a bag of gold coin by a peasant to a distant place over the hills, and feel certain that it will be safely delivered."

This I afterwards found to be a true account. Later on in life I was in a village of the Alps, and had the misfortune to lose, while travelling, an important part of my luggage. My case seemed to myself hopeless; nevertheless I took what steps I could to recover the property. In doing so I consulted the manager of a rather large hotel a few miles off — a German, who spoke English.

"Much will depend," said he, after he had heard my lamentation, "upon whether your lost goods may have gone beyond this district or not: if they have, I have not much comfort to give you; if they have not, you will certainly get them again, for they are all honest people here."

The things were brought back in about a week after that, with straps, locks, and hinges all in order. I asked myself

whether, if the loss had happened in a country district of England, I could have been so fortunate, and decided that the chances were very much against my being so. It is a fine thing to claim to rule the waves, a very grand idea to have dominions on which the sun never sets; but one feels, at a time when a large rascality has been occupying the public mind, that it is a thing of no mean importance to live among people of approved honesty. Haroun the Just, if he had come among them, would probably have placed my Alpine villagers very high in his scale of desert — perhaps would have had it recorded in letters of gold (his favorite blazon), **THEY ARE ALL HONEST PEOPLE HERE.**

Some years ago I was journeying between Peel Castle and Douglas in the Isle of Man. My vehicle was an outside car. At every cabin, or cluster of cabins, which I passed, miserably poor-seeming children came running after the car and begging, in very foreign English, "Please give a ha'penny." These extracted some of my coppers. One group, ragged and importunate, escorted the car a good way, and at last obtained a present; so I passed on in peace. In peace for a mile or so; but having done that distance, I was aware of an enemy in the rear. From whence it had collected I did not know (for I had passed no house lately), but there was certainly a troop in hot pursuit, their little naked feet pattering over the road at their highest speed — and wonderful speed and wind did they exhibit. They had not, however, prudence enough to save breath for the chase, for they kept up a shrill shouting.

"What the devil does that mean?" I asked of my carman, after the pursuit and the screaming had lasted some quarter of an hour.

"God knows, your honor!" he replied; "I suppose they want ha'pence."

"They don't expect me to stop the car and wait for them?"

"Oh no, sir, not a bit of it. They know what they're after."

And so they did. They followed me another mile or mile and a half, shouting still, but more breathlessly. At last we walked a hill, which gave them an advantage, and at the top of the rise was a drinking-place, to use which for the horse's benefit the equipage pulled up. Much encouraged by this halt, the pursuers now pushed on with renewed vigor. They got so near that I, who am not very long-sighted, perceived the biggest of the small fry to be holding up his arm as if to

show something; if so, I could not distinguish what it was.

We waited to be run into; and then there arose such a chorus of shrill Manx utterances as showed that something of unusual interest to them had occurred; but, guessing accurately the defect of my education, the whole cry clustered about the driver, who had descended from his seat and was standing by the drinking horse. As soon as he could a little quell the clamor, he came to enlighten me.

"It's nothing, sir — nothing to make such a noise about; only, your honor threw them a bit of silver which they knew you didn't mean, and they've just brought it back, that's all." Yes, that was all. It seems that I had not sorted my change, and a half-crown, consigned to the pocket which should have received coppers only, had been, with some of its baser companions, chucked on to the road at the last begging-station. That was, after all, but an ordinary occurrence; the pursuit of me for such a cause I thought a very extraordinary occurrence. Tears come into my eyes as I write it, when I remember the little barefooted wretch racing along and holding up the silver, though it is to me an old incident.

Now I hope that what I have written above is good evidence that I have no wish to deny, or to veil, or to make light of the honesty which is undoubtedly to be found sometimes among poor people. Such virtue is the more remarkable, forasmuch as those who exhibit it are peculiarly open to temptation. Yet the instances of it are not very common — indeed it is because they are not common that we note them so carefully. Again, such depravity in a well-to-do man as I have been exercised withal to-day, is striking and distressing because it is uncommon. Heartless and unpardonable as it is, it is exceptional. To find a great rogue among the rich now and then, or an instance of honesty that cannot be shaken here and there among the poor, proves nothing as regards the virtue of either class. There are good and bad in all classes, and in each of us is a tendency to be "desperately wicked;" so that, be we rich or poor, we require to keep a careful guard on ourselves.

Having thus considered this question which had been distressing me, and settled it once more as well as I could, there is nothing to prevent my going on with my work: but I seem to-night to be possessed by a contrary and perverse spirit; for, prompted, as I suppose, by reflecting

upon the rich and poor in classes, I begin to think about the strong feelings which are gathering in many sections of the community against the sports and pastimes of the rich. It is to be feared that these feelings proceed in too many persons from envy; howbeit, there are undoubtedly many who conscientiously object to sports on the ground that they are cruel, that they offer occasions of gambling, that they encourage idleness, and so on.

I am quite incompetent to take up the attack or the defence of sports; and, were I ever so well qualified, both sides have been so amply advocated that it would be a work of supererogation to examine the question. The only remark I would make is, that the friends of sport are such thorough friends that they will give no ear at all to an adverse argument; while its enemies are pertinaciously deaf and blind to everything which tells in its favor. Be the rights of the case, however, what they may, I think I can see that many of our most cherished amusements are doomed to extinction within an age from now. Hostile attacks may be the immediate, and seem to be the principal, causes of the changes which will come; but if we look at the notable variations in the sports themselves during the present century, we shall see that things have been working together towards their decadence. Facilities of communication and the spread of wealth have wholly altered the conditions of the sports; and democratic jealousy looks askance at them as aristocratic, notwithstanding that they are more generally attainable than they used to be. The amount of organization which is required to adapt them to the circumstances of the day, and the large migrations which at certain seasons they occasion, cannot but draw public attention to them. They are no longer the pastimes of a few idle hours, but they have become gigantic systems of recreation. They cannot be hid, any more than a city that is set upon a hill. All their qualities will be closely scanned, and a great deal made of those which seem objectionable. While they were *quasi* private, their affairs were principally in the hands of those who enjoyed them; now that they have become institutions, the public claim and exercise a right to criticise them. The same power which suppressed the cockpit and the prize-ring, is occupying itself with the affairs generally of the sporting world, and will certainly find means of depressing it.

The democratic spirit is not a modern invention. In old days the prevailing circumstances generally inclined men to subordinate it to other influences. Now, new forces, chiefly the pressure of population, give it momentum; and one wonders how and where it will discharge itself. As long as there may be "fresh woods and pastures new" to occupy, it is to be expected that emigration from old countries will to a large extent relieve the crush. But from the pace at which the world is moving, there is a look as if, within a conceivable period, our race may have spread over the whole soil of the globe, reclaimed deserts, overrun and essayed to cultivate mountain ranges. What, then, is likely to be the next move? Will the struggle for life control the numbers of mankind, or will famine or pestilence lend an occasional sweep to moderate the multitude of mouths? I never heard from any one a hint of what I am now going to say, but it does not seem quite an irrational supposition. The oceans and seas of the globe were created to be something more than a mere waste of waters: so we may without presumption suppose. At present, whatever other designs of the Creator they may fulfil, they certainly put limits to human occupation and mark out certain areas of the earth as available for our species; while the rest — the major portion — of the orb, is not for our use and possession, except as a great highway. But may not these great waters, when more land shall be required for our race, be gradually withdrawn so as to expose more dry land? I remember to have seen it shown in "Maga" how the waters have retired from the neighborhood of the Caspian and Aral Seas, leaving them but extensive lakes. It would seem to be geologically demonstrable that a vast sea once covered the region of central Asia which lies to the westward of the Hindoo Koosh, and the range of mountains which trends northward therefrom. This great sea rolled so far south as the Persian mountains. Since those days, when Persia was an isthmus, the waters have receded northward to the confines which we see on modern maps, leaving the Caspian and Aral lakes as *souvenirs* of its once extensive dominion. The area of land thus uncovered has been immense — one-half, or thereabouts, of what is now called central Asia. If there were no corresponding submergence of land at the time when this retreat of the sea took place (and it is impossible to say whether there was or was not), a very

sensible addition was made to the regions available for human occupation. Such additions, made at intervals, might well furnish footing for our kind for a longer period than we can form any but the vaguest idea of.

I know that it might be objected to this, that the quantity of matter in our earth and its atmosphere is probably constant; whither, then, can the mass of waters be sent, if they are to disappear off the land, so as to leave the weight of the earth undiminished? The answer is, that the component parts of the water may be dispersed into solid or gaseous matter. Gases added to the air would, of course, alter its composition; but we do not know but that, under the new circumstances of more land, a differently composed atmosphere might be convenient. There may be in the future a larger accumulation of ice about the poles, which would dispose of some of the waters, while the spherical form of the planet might be perfected thereby.

We are so accustomed to the immense quantity of water shown on our terrestrial globes and our maps, that it probably seldom occurs to any of us to marvel at the great excess of the immersed over the dry portions of the world. The reason for this being so now, must be an excellent reason; but we are nowhere taught that the large areas of seas must always remain as they are now. Compared to the volume of the earth, the deepest sea on its surface is but a wash. The amount of water might be diminished with scarce any disturbance of the sphere as part of the solar system. Thought of this ought to make us view the rapid multiplication of mankind with hopeful feelings; for if there be accommodation reserved for our descendants beneath where the seas now roll, thousands upon thousands of years must elapse before they will be straitened for space. It has been nowhere told us that the seas will gradually diminish as the earth becomes fuller and fuller of human life, but it is told us that in the new and perfected earth there will be no more sea.* It does not, therefore, seem irrational to expect that there may be a gradual decrease of the water on the surface of the earth as the world grows older. The waters of the Deluge disappeared and went somewhither:—

And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
The same wonder which took place after

the Deluge may be re-enacted so as to uncover more of the land,—the seas so eliminated being disposed of as were those which overwhelmed the world in the days of Noah.

The rising up of the land, which used once to be so much in favor with geologists, but which, as I believe, is rather out of fashion just now, might effect the "gathering together of the waters;" and if by that means portions of the land were uncovered, there might be no withdrawal from the globe of any of the seas, only an increase of the depth of some of them. I write this having in my mind's eye the valley of the river Jordan (about submerging which we have read so much of late). If we believe in great upheavings of the land, we may suppose that the Holy Land was once under the sea; that then the mountains from Judea through Samaria and Galilee on to Lebanon, rose up and cut off the Mediterranean on the west from the water—made by that division an inland sea—on the east. This inland sea wasted itself in course of time, as the Dead Sea does now, and allowed to appear the greater part of Palestine. The Sea of Galilee, the course of the Jordan below it, and the Dead Sea, are all below the level of the Mediterranean—the last of them more than a thousand feet below. Only the dam which keeps out the Mediterranean prevents the valley of the Jordan from being filled with salt water from the Levant. The chain of mountains which I just now mentioned is that dam. The rising up of similar chains as dams might recover other large areas which are now submerged.

While I was running my eye along the map tracing the mountain range from Syria southward, it lighted upon the name En-dor, which revived thoughts which have come to me more than once before concerning the doings there of Saul and the witch. It was so very like what is reported to occur at some spiritualistic *séances*, that one is apt to suppose it to be the model of some of those which prove to be impostures. By which remark I am far from intending to hint the least doubt of what is recorded in the Book of Samuel. I only say that the scene there described has been imitated by charlatans in these and in other times. It is quite clear from the commands of Scripture that no such thing ought to be attempted. We know for certain that many pretended callings of "spirits from the vasty deep" have been closely watched and proved to be impostures.

* Rev. xxi. 1.

It is a thing very worthy of remark that we are profoundly ignorant of the condition of the departed immediately after death, notwithstanding that so much has been told and written which would seem to let light in upon the matter.

It is a common enough belief among persons who have not thought very earnestly on the subject, that they will be able after death to return to the world for certain objects determined on in their lifetime. I have known threats made by country people to come back and annoy persons who may have offended or thwarted them. It was imparted to me, when I was young, by a female servant who lived many years with us, and who was very learned in such matters, that the ability or otherwise of deceased persons to appear again among the living depended entirely upon whether the clergymen who might bury them should do their duty or not. "If," said she, "the passon turn'th the book at the right place, that binds mun to the earth; they can never trouble nobody again no more. But if he is careless or stupid about it, then there's no saying what skermadging there may be with 'em before they be properly laid. And 'tis a shame and a sin of passons not to see at the burying-time that they be rightly and tightly bound down."

But there must have been some people who did not admit this power of the clergyman to lay an embargo on the departed; for I remember one instance of an old woman threatening to haunt a clergyman, which she would scarcely have done had she believed that he could effectually prevent her from molesting him or any one else. Her threat was uttered to a quaint old sexton. This elder was engaged one day in staking off a corner of the churchyard, the vicar having, for some reason, decreed that no more interments should be made in that corner. While he was thus employed, the old woman of whom I write came by and demanded the meaning of this stockade which he was making. The sexton told her; whereupon she said, "That won't do at all, Willie; I al'ays meant to be buried there." "But, my dear, you see you can't; so you'd better look out for other lodgings." She replied, "No, that I shan't; for my man lieth there, and my poor Dick there, and I mean to lie between 'em. And I tell 'ee what it is," added she, waxing warm, "if I ben't buried there, as I say, I'll come back to Measter Jan, and to you too—mind that!"

Not long after her departure, came

along Measter Jan himself—that is to say, the vicar (he was a native of the place, and well known from boyhood to the older parishioners). He paused a minute to return the sexton's good-morrow, and to observe the progress of the work of enclosure.

"Sartain is it, sir, that no more be put in this corner?" asked the old man.

"Certain, William; not another body shall be buried within the stakes."

"You don't know, sir, what you have a-brought upon yourself by that. Old Jenny Weldon have been here, and she saith she's determined to lie in here, because her husband and her cheeld be both here."

"Poor old body, I'm very sorry for her, but I can't make any exception; she must be bestowed elsewhere."

"Then I tell 'ee what she saith. She saith, if she isn't put there, she'll come back to you, and me, too."

"Really, now! Well, that was wicked of her. However, there's no help. I'm not frightened of her, William; are you?"

"Well, no, my dear, I be not. If she goeth to a good place, she won't care to come back to this sorrowful world again; and if she sail'th in another direction, there's one there that'll take care she *don't* come back."

I never heard that the old lady came back; I cannot be sure that the vicar and sexton, or either of them, outlived her.

I suppose that the world contains as many odd things and odd people as ever it did; but I never now come across such quaint persons as I saw every day in my early youth. The old sexton was an oddity if ever there was one; and there was a poor old woman who used to come and beg for money to buy snuff, of which she took an immense quantity when she could get it. Her third husband—a miserable old man—was a sufferer from asthma; her second, to the best of my recollection (I trust that I do not wrong his memory) had been hanged; her first, who formed the chief topic of her conversation, had been a soldier, and had died in the service of his country. She had been a heroine in little, if her account of herself could be credited, and I believe that she told it truly. A century or so back from now, her husband's regiment had been at the island of St. Christopher, in the West Indies, and it had some sharp encounters with French troops, who contended with us for that colony. On one occasion when the red-coats had had to retire, there was consternation and affliction

tion among them, not so much on account of the check which they had received (for that they hoped to retort upon the enemy shortly), but because the colors were missing. They had, in the hurry of retreat, been secreted somewhere near the field of action. It was not thought that they were in the enemy's possession; but there was the greatest reason to fear that the Frenchmen, who had advanced as the English retreated, would in rummaging the neighborhood discover and seize them. The colonel, at thought of having to report the loss of his colors, was well-nigh distracted. He would think of nothing else, and could hardly be got to issue the necessary orders for the safety and sustenance of those under his direction. But he would seem to have been a favorite of the regiment; because, great as was the general danger and privation, it was a sorrow all round that the commanding officer took the loss of the colors so much to heart. He was assured that they would retake them, or perish in the attempt; but he could not bear that things so precious should be dishonored by being in the enemy's keeping for an hour.

Now it was that my old friend began to be prompted to do a deed of heroism. All through the camp the men were lamenting the colonel's affliction, and inventing all sorts of senseless plans for recovering the colors and relieving his anxiety. One soldier spoke of a way by which a black man might, by following certain paths, get unsuspected to the place of concealment, and, if he were at all adroit, bring off the silk hid in some parcel of farm stuff. But to this scheme it was objected that a black man, though he could be sufficiently cunning when after any devilry of his own, would be likely to make a bad adventure in a case like this, where discovery would be followed not only by failure, but probably by punishment also. It was, moreover, considered highly inexpedient to disclose the hiding-place to a slave, who might sell the secret to the enemy.

The woman heard all this discussed, but said nothing to the soldiers. She, however, thought over what had been said, and formed a resolution. As soon as it was dusk she repaired to the colonel's tent, asked to see him on a matter of importance, and obtained admission. She told him how sad it made everybody to know of the trouble he was in, and that she would make an effort for relieving his distress if he would explain to her accurately the whereabouts of the place of

hiding, and would give her a pass to get beyond the English sentinels. After speaking with her for a short time, he looked kindly upon the idea, and gave her all the information which had found its way to himself. He also wrote with his own hand the necessary passport.

"Now God bless you, my woman!" said he: "if you succeed, you will save the honor of the regiment; and if you fail, and come back to us, you shall have the thanks of the whole corps for your daring."

"Sir," answered she, "I don't value my life the point of a pin when there's so much trouble. If the luck isn't very much against me, I'll make my way to the place you've a-described; and, please God, I'll come again with some comfort for 'ee."

The night, fortunately, was pretty dark. She dressed herself in sombre habiliments and set off on her quest. With great cleverness and patience she made her way unobserved through the enemy's lines, and crawling and crouching, then making a run when a chance offered, she, by following the directions which she had received, reached the place which she was seeking, torn and bleeding from passages through the bush, and with her limbs sprained from working over rugged ground and rocks. But she was at last rewarded by putting her hand upon the precious colors. They had been torn from their staves, and put away under a rock or in a hollow tree, I forget which. Her courage revived on having so far succeeded, and she set to work with fresh energy. Having taken off her gown, she sewed the colors in between the stuff and the lining. This being part of her plan, she had been prepared with needle and thread; but it must have been a work of some skill for a woman, tired and torn as she was, and in the dark, to achieve such a job. It was, however, managed, and the dress put on again; and then she started to perform the other half of her task, glowing with the thought that, happen what might, the colors were probably safe from the enemy. If I recollect aright, she managed so as to escape observation altogether, and not to be challenged at all. Arrived in the English camp, she lost no time in extricating her charge, which just after daybreak she took to the anxiously expectant colonel. His relief and joy were beyond expression; as the old lady put it, he was ready to jump out of his skin.

For this achievement she got her full

meed of celebrity, and probably some more substantial earnest of the officers' and soldiers' gratitude. I am afraid, however, that the poor thing did not benefit in the way of gratuity or pension from the public purse. This may have been because her connection with the regiment was soon afterwards dissolved by the death of her husband, who fell with harness on his back, and his breast to the foe. Another fight, in which artillery took part, had ended, as I suppose, in the success of our side, because the field seems to have been accessible to our camp-followers after the action. The woman went on to the ground impelled, as she herself said, by a sad misgiving that he had perished. We know that there have been such presentiments in people of all stations.

"I was as sure that a was dead as if I'd seed un killed," the old body said, years after, to a lady from whom she would often beg snuff.

"And did you find him?"

"I made un out, my dear, amongst the dead and wounded."

"Was there no hope?"

"None. Stone dead."

"How horrible! How I pity you! What did you do?"

"I kneeled down beside un, put my arm round his waist, and kissed (ay, that I did) his dear hand."

"Did you not put your arm round his neck and kiss his lips?"

"My dear, the head of un was a-knocked off."

I said a little above that the quaint old characters seemed to be dying out; I may add, that of two classes of oddities with the appearance of whom I used to be tolerably familiar, I have not for years encountered a specimen.

The first of these classes is occasional drunkards, who, when well moistened, delighted to wander about the streets, sometimes for two or three hours on end, making short remarks to them who passed by, or perhaps coming to a halt in the middle of the road and uttering grand soliloquies to heaven and earth. I do not remember to have seen two of these companions adrift at the same time, to have seen them quarrelsome, or to have thought that they intended to be spiteful or offensive, though doubtless they were coarse. A very large indulgence was accorded to them on all hands. They were rarely meddled with by the constables, although notice might at last be conveyed to their homes that their infirmity was in

the peripatetic stage; and then a wife or a daughter coming gently on the scene, would take the hand of the old voluptuary and lead him by easy stages, smiling and weeping, to his home.

The second class is of scolds. I call to mind women who, generally standing at their doors, would rail at the top of their voices for the greater part of a day. I do not mean that they would be having a quarrel; but that one woman, having had her temper rubbed the wrong way, would continue scolding so as to be a nuisance to a whole neighborhood. Often, when one of these shrews has been holding forth, have I asked of a bystander what ailed her, or whether any one had offended her. And I never remember to have received a more satisfactory answer than — "No; nobody have a-done nothing to her. 'Tis the way of her. She have got a long tongue." The scolding did not seem to utterly preclude attention to domestic work. The shrew would boil her pot, get ready her potatoes, and observe her children, but use every interval in these occupations to let the world become aware of her mind being ill at ease. These storms blew themselves out somehow, and left very little trace of the commotion. Between the outbreaks, the shrews would be affable and merry. Sometimes a lull would be of such length as to lead one to hope there had been a permanent improvement, when, some unlucky morning, while the lady herself was too far off to be plainly seen, would be heard her ominous voice proclaiming that everything in her neighborhood was to be ajar and out of joint for that day.

A scold's eloquence, though her neighbors are deafened with it, always seemed to me to be addressed, not to them, but to herself. It was a sort of blow-pipe to her indignation, to prevent the latter from declining below red-heat. She casts away, in spendthrift fashion, myriads of that commodity which thoughtful people prize as the great circulating medium of mental wealth. Squandered words, what refuse they are! Words well applied, how vast, how prevailing is their influence! To the unthinking they are foolishness; to those who can wield them they are power and wisdom. These "rascal counters" which are so easily coined and voided, and which to the uninitiated pass for vulgar ware, are the forces which direct and control human emotion and human action. Used with skill, they can discover and touch the hidden springs of feeling. There is no known condition of humanity

wherein words skilfully used may not be electrical in their effects. They can beguile us of our sympathy or command our admiration.

Words, or combinations of words, become divided according to their properties; for the winning of sympathy and the awakening of admiration, though both the work of words, must be achieved by quite different adaptations of words. Those words which will suffice for the one purpose will be by no means competent for the other. I have travelled now from scolding to the intelligent employment of a vocabulary. But so thoughts wander; and having drifted on to this subject of word-power, I am inclined to examine it, though I cannot search it profoundly.

The source of interest and the source of awe and high veneration are very distinct. Sympathy may be said to create interest; and exaltation above, or other distant removal from, that with which we can sympathize, awe and worship. We know well how in a landscape the introduction of figures unlocks our feelings, which would not have yielded to a solitude however skilfully portrayed. The same is true in poetry; the "one touch of nature" introduced in the appropriate place is a link between writer and reader and subject, greatly awakens our sympathy, and increases the pleasure with which we follow the written thoughts. Where Milton is weighing the attractions of a life of ease and pleasure against those of a life of study and devotion to the Muses, he does not content himself with stating the voluptuous alternative in a general way, but exclaims, —

Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

presenting little scenes of dalliance which place him on common ground with his reader, and make the latter feel how entirely the argument concerns himself as a fellow-man. The poet's contention is a high one — his object to draw away the mind from sensual and ignoble things to lofty contemplation; yet in doing this, he thinks it not unbecoming to stoop to earth — and not to stoop only, but to exhibit that which is earthly in all its charm and distinctness, in order that he may win the sympathy of his reader first, and having so attracted him, soar with him away towards the sky. The more familiar a scene or an illustration is made to us, the more we recognize it as one in which we

ourselves might have borne a part — the more ready are we to yield our sympathy, and to be moved as the author wished us to be moved.

On the other hand, if the intention be to arouse awe or veneration, particulars are by skilful writers avoided, and we have for the most part only the common and generic names of things; the more indefinite and incomprehensible the images appear, the greater being their fitness for the purpose. Burke insists on obscurity as a source of the sublime, and points out many instances wherein Milton has resorted to this method when he would subdue the mind by grand ideas — citing his descriptions of Satan and of Death, and his heaping together of vague, indeterminate images to appal the mind, as

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and
shades of death,
A universe of death.

A little reflection suffices to convince us that, where terror or reverence is to be produced, the less particularizing there is of objects the better. Particularizing argues a greater or less exactness, and exactness is incompatible with the sublime emotions. To excite in us the necessary terror or respect, objects must be made to appear to us as removed from our comprehension or control, making us feel ourselves to be little or nothing by comparison, and only fit to bow down in helpless submission or in adoration — as Job, overawed by a sense of God's power, says, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Milton refrains sometimes from using a substantive at all when a very terrible idea is intensified, as "over the vast abrupt."

Words are fairies. You may narrate a story or deliver your sentiments in various combinations of words, all in some sort rendering your meaning; but you know that of these combinations some would give a totally wrong color to your utterances and awaken a wrong emotion, some would fall very far short of your intention, and some would do your bidding quite satisfactorily. It is not easy to say why this is. Many explanations have been offered. That words, as they fall upon the ear or meet the eye, do produce emotions which synonymous expressions would not in the same place produce, there can be no doubt; and yet I cannot think that the mere sounds can of themselves give pleasure or pain. There must be association of ideas with the potent words; yet the connection is so hard to trace, it is such

a mysterious influence, that many a man gives up the quest and rests content with the belief, as I stated it, that words are fairies, without prying into the source of their magic.

Monosyllables and dissyllables seem to be for the most part those which readily affect the mind. And the reason of this probably is, that common, general, widely comprehensive words, being invented in the infancy of a language, are usually short sounds; and therefore short sounds may, and for the most part do, represent very extensive ideas. Refer to the passage "Rocks, caves, lakes," etc., which I quoted above from Milton, and you will observe that in the whole of it the words are monosyllables, except the word *universe*. All of them are words which would be invented very early in the life of a language.

It often happens, I fancy, that we judge a composition to be very simple and unstudied because the words used in it are short and familiar,* and such as are in everybody's mouth. But simple words may be made to convey very grand ideas, and may be used by those who have thought profoundly on the matter which they have to impart. Thus it is not astonishing that simple words skilfully arranged make up the most powerful passages which we encounter in letters. The Scriptures abound with writings of this character, which impress their meaning with tremendous force, although the component words are such as the homeliest persons have in daily use. What appears to me the grandest utterance that ever was put forth is to be found in the New Testament; and it must, as I think, be pronounced to be sublime—to be a very battery of words—even by those who do not believe the great truths which it contains. I speak of the following text from St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians:—

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Take this overwhelming sentence to pieces, and it will be found to consist of very common words, only one of which is of more than two syllables; but they are

made to represent ideas which are barely within the scope of human faculties, and which cannot possibly be so comprehended by us as to make us feel in any degree familiar with them. Consequently, not sympathy but veneration is aroused by them. The persons named are also beyond our comprehension; so that we cannot, except in the most imperfect degree, sympathize with them, while their glory and power claim our humblest adoration. Thus the quotation possesses some of the known properties of the sublime, and nothing but what is sublime. Though we have it as a translation only, I cannot imagine that the original to Greek ears could possibly have been more impressive than our version is to us.

I cited this passage as an example of the wondrous power of simple words judiciously put together; but now that I am noting it, I find it hard to refrain from pointing out the rhetorical perfection of the climax which it exhibits. It begins with, in general terms, "hath highly exalted Him;" then goes on to, "hath given Him a name which is above every name;" rising higher now, it proclaims that at that name "every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;" now higher still, that "every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord;" ending with the very grandest idea which can be presented to the mind—namely, "the glory of God the Father."

But it is preceded in the chapter by an anti-climax which is just as perfect, beginning with the equality of the Godhead, and stepping down to one of the greatest indignities conceivable—that is, the punishment by an ignominious death of a malefactor. The words are:—

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

The descent is regular throughout the figure, and between the beginning and end it is immense. Then follows the climax,—“Wherefore God also,” etc.,—which also covers an infinite distance of conditions, stretching from the death of the cross to the glory of God the Father!

I went a little out of my way to remark on the rhetorical perfection of the above

* The words—i.e., the sounds—are familiar; yet the ideas for which they stand may be obscure, terrible, and grand.

passage, but now return to my argument, that its grandeur is in a high degree derived from the well-selected words in which the translators have thought proper to present it. I think, too, that an examination of any powerful passage in sacred or profane writing will elicit proof that much of the power is derived from the words employed.

The choice of words, then, since it counts for so much, should be made with much care. Of course, great words will not stand in place of great ideas; the attempt to make them do so produces bombast. But, granting that there are thoughts worthy of being communicated, it makes a vast difference in the reception of those thoughts by the reader or hearer, whether they are conveyed in the most fitting language or not. There are many compositions which are universally pronounced to be ingenious, original, true, sound, and even grand, which, nevertheless, never become to us more than highly esteemed acquaintances; they do not, for some reason or other, take hold of our hearts and minds, and make places for themselves in our memories. This, very probably, is because the honest writer or orator, solicitous only to deliver true and worthy matter, did not take sufficient heed of the vesture — to wit, the words — in which he would clothe it.

Again, there are composers who have not only choice thoughts to communicate, but who possess the art of telling them in language so affecting that they make their way into our minds when they first present themselves, and are ever after cherished and adopted as well as approved. An author who can make his countrymen delight in his expressions as well as approve his thoughts, has reached the summit of his profession. There must be a great art in this, which some are lucky enough to discover, while others remain forever ignorant of it. It is in vain that rules are from time to time invented; square and compass will not set bounds to a faculty which is, as Burke said of taste, so delicate and aerial that it will not bear the chains of a definition. The best way to study it, as I should think, would be to examine with the utmost care the productions of those who have mastered this great art, and to look there diligently for the secret — *nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ*.

It seems to me that there are two compositions in English which have, more than any others, fulfilled these requirements of not only presenting acceptable

ideas, but of so presenting them that they fasten at once on the imagination and memory. These two are Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and Gray's "Elegy." The lines and phrases of these pieces have been picked out and hoarded by the public with such avidity that nine-tenths of them have become household words, and they are so familiar that they are passed from mouth to mouth and used incontinently by hundreds who know not whence they first proceeded. The works have attained, as I think, the highest triumph of authorship.

The mention of a triumph attracts me to another subject. We have enjoyed the honor of a visit from a delegation of Boers from the Transvaal, who have come to London with the exquisite and original idea of dropping in *sans cérémonie* on the nation which they had first beaten and afterwards treated with domineering contempt. The lion-tamers have had no hesitation about entering the lair, so abject have the inmates become. Perhaps it is as well that lions should cease to lash their sides with their tails when they have forgotten how to use fangs and claws. Accordingly, we see the British Lion anxious for the smile of the enemies who treated us so cavalierly, and eating humble-pie greedily to convince our visitors that he likes it. But it seems to me that the proper settlement of our score with the Transvaal is only deferred; we are not all of us so callous as the grand old man would have us to be.

Meanwhile a little farce has been acted at which many a one must have laughed consumedly. To employ British capital in mining and other enterprises in the Transvaal has been desired by certain speculators among us; and they, no doubt moved thereto by good reasons, took the liberty of inquiring of the delegates whether any property which British subjects might acquire in, or carry to, the Transvaal, and whether any ore which they might extract from the soil, would be secured to them by the laws of the land. The delegates were indignant that such a question should have been asked: of course everything would be secured by the laws of the land. I make bold to think, however, that the question was not altogether impertinent. It might be urged, in excuse for it, that the Transvaal government had not scrupled to break a solemn convention almost before the ink with which it was written had dried; also that, with reference to the same convention, they made the demarcation very in-

distinct between *mine* and *thine*. About the value of the Boers' answer there cannot, I think, be two opinions. Investors possess now the guarantee of this scrupulously honorable people for the safety of property and persons!

Our conduct towards the Boers has been, no doubt, entirely out of keeping with our traditions, and, as I believe, with our real national character. The nation cannot, in a few years, have utterly changed its sentiments, its beliefs, its characteristics, and habits. I remember the excitement which occurred among us at the time of the "Trent" affair, some twenty years ago, when the nation would have taken, as one may say, the direction of affairs out of the hands of ministers, for fear that a little of the point of honor should be surrendered. Before the news of the outrage could have reached London, a meeting had been held at Liverpool, and a deputation was on its way to press upon Lord Palmerston the expediency of dealing boldly with the matter, and of leaving no room for suspicion that we would abate one iota of what we considered to be our rights. The whole nation followed in the wake of Liverpool, and the temper of the people was unmistakable.

That was, I am certain, the spontaneous action of the country, and displayed our natural feeling. The exhibitions which we make of ourselves in the way of pocketing up wrongs and condemning ourselves are abnormal and exceptional,—vagaries executed during absence of mind, that is to say, while a large portion of our population are really intent upon other matters, and will not give their minds to matters not purely domestic. Foreign complications stand in the way of the home questions which so many of us desire to solve; and so we, for the time, don't mind accepting a little dishonor, so that we may clear the board for those concerns about which we are anxious.

At the bottom of the present temper of the country is the idea, entertained by nine out of ten of our working population, that each person may be made rich (at any rate, raised far above a condition which can be called *poor*) by alterations of the laws and constitution. The great object, therefore, is to alter the laws, and foreign and colonial policy takes a low place in our regard. Everybody desires to have a voice in the alterations which are to be proposed. The new laws are to produce some marvellous beneficial effects; but what these effects are to be,

or the exact course by which they are to come about, no man, I think, has attempted to explain. I quite believe that violent changes, regardless of equity, are intended, and that they will operate cruelly on certain persons or certain classes. I do not believe that they will have the effect of making any great number of persons richer, or of disseminating wealth. I go so far as to think that the changes will literally defeat the main object which their supporters have in view. Indeed I believe that even now, while the changes are unaccomplished, the shadow of them, cast before, is already operating to the material injury of that which they are intended to bring about. The vague dread and uncertainty caused by the anticipation of experimental and capricious innovations, are themselves a great drag upon enterprise. No man will work his best while he is under the apprehension (just or unjust) that the reward of his toil is not secure to him; and those are the conditions under which every man in Great Britain who works at all is working now. The result *must* be a falling off in national wealth.

If the national wealth is falling off, how are large classes of the community to grow richer? The question is a hard one to answer if it has regard to permanent improvement. One class may temporarily enrich itself by seizing the property of another class; but this method does not tend to general improvement. And it is certain that, as the community grows poorer, every class of it must suffer.

Already, as I believe, the conviction has come upon some of the more thoughtful of the advocates of change, that political arrangements for making people richer will disappoint those who make them. This conviction may not have become prevalent as yet, but it is growing. On the other hand, it must be plain to everybody, that threatened speculative changes in the constitution of society, paralyze effort, and so bring a blight upon all.

Of all modern expedients for reforming society—I assume that amelioration of some sort is the aim—the generous and indiscriminate appliance of dynamite to man and his works is the hardest to understand. Sages have fathomed the significance of some of the violences of nature; the thunderbolt, the volcano, and the hurricane, destructive as they are, do not devastate in mere wantonness; there is a great and beneficent end to be effected after the outburst has passed. But no sage penetrates the explosive treatment

from outside; and no philanthropist, who is free to pass behind the scenes, and who is cognizant of all parts of the great scheme, has helped us to the least comprehension of the manner in which explosions are to work together for our ultimate benefit. We do not even with certainty know the source from which these costly and ingenious remedies are derived. At one time they are said to be *gages d'amitié* from Ireland; at another, tributes from anonymous friends in America: to-day they are of home conception and manufacture; yesterday we were thought to be indebted for them to Paris.

I confess to being quite in the dark as to the regenerate form in which surviving society is to emerge from the ordeal through which we are passing. We shall be saved so as by nitro-glycerine; but what will be our new condition? How shall we, or how shall any remnant of us, be improved by having our railway stations, our public buildings, our churches, and a few thousands of our population, blown to atoms? The old test-question — *Cui bono?* — is altogether insufficient to obtain a solution of the problem. It may be supposed, by the ever-watchful detonators, that a period of wholesome terror may humble us, and prove us, and make us willing to recognize the surpassing merits of persons who ought to be eminent, but whom we, in our present arrogance, refuse to admire. But if this be the idea, it will probably turn out to be a mistaken one; for unless the nature of Englishmen shall be very much changed by manifold demolitions, they are more likely to repay these efforts with punishment — I would I could say with halters — than with anything else. Indeed I very much doubt whether, with all our present disposition to turn our cheeks to the smiter, to cherish them who despitefully use us, and to discourage quiet and law-abiding citizens, we would even modify an act of Parliament or vote away the smallest sum of money in exchange for blowings-up.

We read that in the sporran of Rob Roy there was a small steel pistol fitted in such manner that it would be discharged, and the contents lodged in the rifle's body, if any one with a zeal which was not according to knowledge should attempt to undo the complicated fastenings. This he called the keeper of his privy purse. One quite understands why he resorted to this expedient, just as one knows why spring-guns used to be set with their wires obvious to the feet of

poachers or burglars. The intention was to protect property. One knows, too, how in warfare there is very little hesitation about discharging a torpedo or an infernal machine so as to damage an enemy. But these things do not help us a bit in judging why villanous saltpetre should be dugged out of the bowels of the harmless earth, or dynamite compounded, to destroy the bodies and the property of people who are not seeking to spoil any man's goods, and who have done nothing calculated to raise up for themselves deadly enemies.

To verify what my memory told me about that pistol of the M'Gregor, I just now took down a volume of Scott; and, as always happens with me when I approach that author, I could not close the book when I had found what I went to seek, but was allured by the old enchantment from page to page. It was like the accidental flavor of old racy wine to a palate that has been tortured by cheap Gladstone asperities, or the sight of an old master's painting offered to eyes that have been surfeited with raw pictures of yesterday. To me it is a marvel how a novel-reading people (as we have daily evidence that we may call ourselves) can ever let go their hold of such a writer as Scott. Yet I am told that we are doing so, and that men and women are not ashamed to say that they find him tedious and old-fashioned. When such remarks can be ventured on, one justly dreads that a short day of notoriety is dawning for Bavius and Mævius. But surely it will be only a short eclipse for Scott, who was not for a generation nor for an age. His wonderful tales cannot really grow old, but must again be the mode before the world is much older.

About Scott's poems I give my opinion with some hesitation, knowing that he has never as a poet occupied that foremost place which has been accorded to him as a novelist. But I confess to having been as much delighted with his poetry as with any that I ever read. I do not know a more charming story, or one more charmingly told, than "The Lady of the Lake." His verse and his thoughts want polish, say the critics. Perhaps so; but if this be a serious defect, we must put down the father of poetry from his high place. But then I hear it said again that though ballad poetry may be grandly meritorious when written in the youth of a people, readers in an Augustan age demand a less rugged composition. There is no use in disputing about tastes; but I am

prompt to say for myself that my emotions answer to Scott's touch, and I find but little to desire in the way of glamor when I am enticed within the charmed circle of his verse.

But I must put back Scott, collect my papers, and leave my desk. At last I am certain that I shall do no steady work to-night. I am tired of thinking. If any knights or dames should be still encircling my table round — and I think I hear occasionally a peal of merriment from thence — my idle hour shall be followed by a merry one.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
BOURGONEF.

CHAPTER I.

AT A TABLE D'HÔTE.

AT the close of February, 1848, I was in Nuremberg. My original intention had been to pass a couple of days there, on my way to Munich; that being, I thought, as much time as could reasonably be spared for so small a city, beckoned as my footsteps were to the Bavarian Athens, of whose glories of ancient art and German Renaissance I had formed expectations the most exaggerated — expectations fatal to any perfect enjoyment, and certain to be disappointed, however great the actual merit of Munich might be. But after two days at Nuremberg, I was so deeply interested in its antique sequestered life, the charms of which had not been deadened by previous anticipations, that I resolved to remain there until I had mastered every detail, and knew the place by heart.

I have a story to tell which will move amidst tragic circumstances of too engrossing a nature to be disturbed by archæological interests, and shall not, therefore, minutely describe here what I observed at Nuremberg, although no adequate description of that wonderful city has yet fallen in my way. To readers unacquainted with this antique place it will be enough to say that in it the old German life seems still to a great extent rescued from the all-devouring, all-equalizing tendencies of European civilization. The houses are either of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or are constructed after those ancient models. The citizens have preserved much of the simple man-

ners and customs of their ancestors. The hurrying feet of commerce and curiosity pass rapidly by, leaving it sequestered from the agitations and the turmoils of metropolitan existence. It is as quiet as a village. During my stay there rose in its quiet streets the startled echoes of horror at a crime unparalleled in its annals, which, gathering increased horror from the very peacefulness and serenity of the scene, arrested the attention and the sympathy in a degree seldom experienced. Before narrating that, it will be necessary to go back a little, that my own connection with it may be intelligible, especially in the fanciful weaving together of remote conjectures which strangely involved me in the story.

The *table d'hôte* at the Bayerischer Hof had about thirty visitors — all, with one exception, of that local commonplace which escapes remark. Indeed this may almost always be said of *tables d'hôte*; though there is a current belief, which I cannot share, of a *table d'hôte* being very delightful — of "one being certain to meet pleasant people there." It may be so. For many years I believed it was so. The general verdict received my assent. I had never met those delightful people, but was always expecting to meet them. Hitherto they had been conspicuous by their absence. According to my experience in Spain, France, and Germany, such dinners had been dreary, or noisy and vapid. If the guests were English, they were chillingly silent, or surlily monosyllabic: to their neighbors they were frigid; amongst each other they spoke in low undertones. And if the guests were foreigners, they were noisy, clattering, and chattering, foolish for the most part, and vivaciously commonplace. I don't know which made me feel most dreary. The predominance of my countrymen gave the dinner the gaiety of a funeral; the predominance of the Mossoo gave it the fatigue of got-up enthusiasm or trivial expansiveness. To hear strangers imparting the scraps of erudition and connoisseurship which they had that morning gathered from their *valets de place* and guide-books, or describing the sights they had just seen, to you, who either saw them yesterday or would see them to-morrow, could not be permanently attractive. My mind refuses to pasture on such food with gusto. I cannot be made to care what the Herr Baron's sentiments about Albert Dürer or Lucas Cranach may be. I can digest my *Rindfleisch* without the

aid of the *commis voyageur's* criticisms on Gothic architecture. This may be my misfortune. In spite of the Italian blood which I inherit, I am a shy man — shy as the purest Briton. But, like other shy men, I make up in obstinacy what may be deficient in expansiveness. I can be frightened into silence, but I won't be dictated to. You might as well attempt the persuasive effect of your eloquence upon a snail who has withdrawn into his shell at your approach, and will not emerge till his confidence is restored. To be told that I *must* see this, and ought to go there, because my casual neighbor was *charmé*, has never presented itself to me as an adequate motive.

From this you readily gather that I am severely taciturn at a *table d'hôte*. I refrain from joining in the "delightful conversation" which flies across the table; and know that my reticence is attributed to "insular pride." It is really and truly nothing but impatience of commonplace. I thoroughly enjoy good talk; but, ask yourself, what are the probabilities of hearing that rare thing in the casual assemblage of forty or fifty people, not brought together by any natural affinities or interests, but thrown together by the accident of being in the same district, and in the same hotel? They are not "forty feeding like one," but like forty. They have no community, except the community of commonplace. No; *tables d'hôte* are not delightful, and do not gather interesting people together.

Such has been my extensive experience. But this at Nuremberg is a conspicuous exception. At that table there was one guest who, on various grounds, personal and incidental, remains the most memorable man I ever met. From the first he riveted my attention in an unusual degree. He had not, as yet, induced me to emerge from my habitual reserve, for in truth, although he riveted my attention, he inspired me with a strange feeling of repulsion. I could scarcely keep my eyes from him; yet, except the formal bow on sitting down and rising from the table, I had interchanged no sign of fellowship with him. He was a young Russian, named Bourgonef, as I at once learned; rather handsome, and peculiarly arresting to the eye, partly from an air of settled melancholy, especially in his smile, the amiability of which seemed breaking from under clouds of grief, and still more so from the mute appeal to sympathy in the empty sleeve of his right arm, which was looped

to the breast-button of his coat. His eyes were large and soft. He had no beard or whisker, and only delicate moustaches. The sorrow, quiet but profound, the amiable smile, and the lost arm, were appealing details which at once arrested attention and excited sympathy. But to me this sympathy was mingled with a vague repulsion, occasioned by a certain falseness in the amiable smile, and a furtiveness in the eyes, which I saw — or fancied — and which, with an inexplicable reserve, forming as it were the impregnable citadel in the centre of his outwardly polite and engaging manner, gave me something of that vague impression which we express by the words "instinctive antipathy."

It was, when calmly considered, eminently absurd. To see one so young, and by his conversation so highly cultured and intelligent, condemned to early helplessness, his food cut up for him by a servant, as if he were a child, naturally engaged pity, and, on the first day, I cudgelled my brains during the greater part of dinner in the effort to account for his lost arm. He was obviously not a military man: the unmistakable look and stoop of a student told that plainly enough. Nor was the loss one dating from early life: he used his left arm too awkwardly, for the event not to have had a recent date. Had it anything to do with his melancholy? Here was a topic for my vagabond imagination, and endless were the romances woven by it during my silent dinner. For the reader must be told of one peculiarity in me, because to it much of the strange complications of my story are due; complications into which a mind less active in weaving imaginary hypotheses to interpret casual and trifling facts would never have been drawn. From my childhood I have been the victim of my constructive imagination, which has led me into many mistakes and some scrapes; because, instead of contenting myself with plain, obvious evidence, I have allowed myself to frame hypothetical interpretations, which, to acts simple in themselves, and explicable on ordinary motives, have assigned hidden and extraordinary motives, rendering the simple-seeming acts portentous. With bitter pangs of self-reproach I have at times discovered that a long and plausible history constructed by me, relating to personal friends, has crumbled into a ruin of absurdity, by the disclosure of the primary misconception on which the whole history was based. I

have gone, let us say, on the supposition that two people were secretly lovers; on this supposition my imagination has constructed a whole scheme to explain certain acts, and one fine day I have discovered indubitably that the supposed lovers were not lovers, but confidants of their passions in other directions, and of course all my conjectures have been utterly false. The secret flush of shame at failure has not, however, prevented my falling into similar mistakes immediately after.

When, therefore, I hereafter speak of my "constructive imagination," the reader will know to what I am alluding. It was already busy with Bourgonef. To it must be added that vague repulsion, previously mentioned. This feeling abated on the second day; but, although lessened, it remained powerful enough to prevent my speaking to him. Whether it would have continued to abate until it disappeared, as such antipathies often disappear, under the familiarities of prolonged intercourse, without any immediate appeal to my *amour propre*, I know not; but every reflective mind, conscious of being accessible to antipathies, will remember that one certain method of stifling them is for the object to make some appeal to our interest or our vanity: in the engagement of these more powerful feelings, the antipathy is quickly strangled. At any rate it is so in my case, and was so now. On the third day, the conversation at table happening to turn, as it often turned, upon St. Sebald's Church, a young Frenchman, who was criticising its architecture with fluent dogmatism, drew Bourgonef into the discussion, and thereby elicited such a display of accurate and extensive knowledge, no less than delicacy of appreciation, that we were all listening spell-bound. In the midst of this triumphant exposition the irritated vanity of the Frenchman could do nothing to regain his position but oppose a flat denial to a historical statement made by Bourgonef, backing his denial by the confident assertion, that "all the competent authorities" held with him. At this point Bourgonef appealed to me, and in that tone of deference so exquisitely flattering from one we already know to be superior, he requested my decision; observing that, from the manner in which he had seen me examine the details of the architecture, he could not be mistaken in his confidence that I was a connoisseur. All eyes were turned upon me. As a shy man, this made me blush; as a vain man, the blush was accompanied with delight. It might easily have hap-

pened that such an appeal, acting at once upon shyness and ignorance, would have inflamed my wrath; but the appeal happening to be directed on a point which I had recently investigated and thoroughly mastered, I was flattered at the opportunity of a victorious display.

The pleasure of my triumph diffused itself over my feelings towards him who had been the occasion of it. The Frenchman was silenced; the general verdict of the company was too obviously on our side. From this time the conversation continued between Bourgonef and myself; and he not only succeeded in entirely dissipating my absurd antipathy — which I now saw to have been founded on purely imaginary grounds, for neither the falseness nor the furtiveness could now be detected — but he succeeded in captivating all my sympathy. Long after dinner was over, and the *salle* empty, we sat smoking our cigars, and discussing politics, literature, and art in that suggestive desultory manner which often gives a charm to casual acquaintances.

It was a stirring epoch, that of February, 1848. The Revolution, at first so hopeful and soon to manifest itself in failure so disastrous, was hurrying to an outburst. France had been for many months agitated by cries of electoral reform, and by indignation at the corruption and scandals in high places. The Praslin murder, and the dishonor of M. Teste, terminated by suicide, had been interpreted as signs of the coming destruction. The political banquets given in various important cities had been occasions for inflaming the public mind, and to the far-seeing, these banquets were interpreted as the sounds of the tocsin. Louis Philippe had become odious to France, and contemptible to Europe. Guizot and Duchatel, the ministers of that day, although backed by a parliamentary majority on which they blindly relied, were unpopular, and were regarded as infatuated even by their admirers in Europe. The Spanish marriages had all but led to a war with England. The opposition, headed by Thiers and Odillon Barrot, was strengthened by united action with the republican party, headed by Ledru Rollin, Marrast, Flocon, and Louis Blanc.

Bourgonef was an ardent republican. So was I; but my color was of a different shade from his. He belonged to the Reds. My own dominant tendencies being artistic and literary, my dream was of a republic in which intelligence would be the archon or ruler; and of course in

such a republic, art and literature, as the highest manifestation of mind, would have the supreme direction. Do you smile, reader? I smile, now; but it was serious earnest with me then. It is unnecessary to say more on this point. I have said so much to render intelligible the stray link of communion which riveted the charm of my new acquaintance's conversation; there was both agreement enough and difference enough in our views to render our society mutually fascinating.

On retiring to my room that afternoon I could not help laughing at my absurd antipathy against Bourgonef. All his remarks had disclosed a generous, ardent, and refined nature. While my antipathy had specially fastened upon a certain falseness in his smile—a falseness the more poignantly hideous if it were falseness, because hidden amidst the wreaths of amiability—my delight in his conversation had specially justified itself by the truthfulness of his mode of looking at things. He seemed to be sincerity itself. There was, indeed, a certain central reserve; but that might only be an integrity of pride; or it might be connected with painful circumstances in his history, of which the melancholy in his face was the outward sign.

That very evening my constructive imagination was furnished with a detail on which it was soon to be actively set to work. I had been rambling about the old fortifications, and was returning at night-fall through the old archway near Albert Dürer's house, when a man passed by me. We looked at each other in that automatic way in which men look when they meet in narrow places; and I felt, so to speak, a start of recognition in the eyes of the man who passed. Nothing else, in features or gestures, betrayed recognition or surprise. But although there was only that, it flashed from his eyes to mine like an electric shock. He passed. I looked back. He continued his way without turning. The face was certainly known to me; but it floated in a mist of confused memories.

I walked on slowly, pestering my memory with fruitless calls upon it, hopelessly trying to recover the place where I could have seen the stranger before. In vain memory travelled over Europe in concert-rooms, theatres, shops, and railway carriages. I could not recall the occasion on which those eyes had previously met mine. That they had met them I had no doubt. I went to bed with the riddle undiscovered.

CHAPTER II.

THE ECHOES OF MURDER.

NEXT morning Nuremberg was agitated with a horror such as can seldom have disturbed its quiet; a young and lovely girl had been murdered. Her corpse was discovered at daybreak under the archway leading to the old fortifications. She had been stabbed to the heart. No other signs of violence were visible; no robbery had been attempted.

In great cities, necessarily great centres of crime, we daily hear of murders; their frequency and remoteness leave us undisturbed. Our sympathies can only be deeply moved either by some scenic peculiarities investing the crime with unusual romance or unusual atrocity, or else by the more immediate appeal of direct neighborly interest. The murder which is read of in the *Times* as having occurred in Westminster, has seldom any special horror to the inhabitants of Islington or Oxford Street; but to the inhabitants of Westminster, and especially to the inhabitants of the particular street in which it was perpetrated, the crime assumes heart-shaking proportions. Every detail is asked for, and every surmise listened to, with feverish eagerness—is repeated and diffused through the crowd with growing interest. The family of the victim; the antecedents of the assassin, if he is known; or the conjectures pointing to the unknown assassin,—are eagerly discussed. All the trivial details of household care or domestic fortunes, all the items of personal gossip, become invested with a solemn and affecting interest. Pity for the victim and survivors mingle and alternate with fierce cries for vengeance on the guilty. The whole street becomes one family, commingled by an energetic sympathy, united by one common feeling of compassion and wrath.

In villages, and in cities so small as Nuremberg, the same community of feeling is manifested. The town became as one street. The horror spread like a conflagration, the sympathy surged and swelled like a tide. Every one felt a personal interest in the event as if the murder had been committed at his own door. Never shall I forget that wail of passionate pity, and that cry for the vengeance of justice, which rose from all sides of the startled city. Never shall I forget the hurry, the agitation, the feverish restlessness, the universal communicativeness, the volunteered services, the eager suggestion, surging round the house of the

unhappy parents. Herr Lehfeldt, the father of the unhappy girl, was a respected burgher, known to almost every one. His mercer's shop was the leading one of the city. A worthy pious man, somewhat strict, but of irreproachable character; his virtues, no less than those of his wife, and of his only daughter Lieschen — now, alas! forever snatched from their yearning eyes — were canvassed everywhere, and served to intensify the general grief. That such a calamity should have fallen on a household so estimable, seemed to add fuel to the people's wrath. Poor Lieschen! her pretty, playful ways — her opening prospects, as the only daughter of parents so well-to-do and so kind — her youth and abounding life — these were detailed with impassioned fervor by friends, and repeated by strangers who caught the tone of friends, as if they, too, had known and loved her. But amidst the surging uproar of this sea of many voices no one clear voice of direction could be heard; no clue given to the clamorous bloodhounds to run down the assassin.

Cries had been heard in the streets that night at various parts of the town, which, although then interpreted as the quarrels of drunken brawlers, and the conflicts of cats, were now confidently asserted to have proceeded from the unhappy girl in her death-struggle. But none of these cries had been heard in the immediate neighborhood of the archway. All the inhabitants of that part of the town agreed that in their waking hours the streets had been perfectly still. Nor were there any traces visible of a struggle having taken place. Lieschen might have been murdered elsewhere, and her corpse quietly deposited where it was found, as far as any evidence went.

Wild and vague were the conjectures. All were baffled in the attempt to give them a definite direction. The crime was apparently prompted by revenge — certainly not by lust, or desire of money. But she was not known to have a single rival or enemy. She was not known to stand in any one's way. In this utter blank as to the assignable motive, I, perhaps alone among the furious crowd, had a distinct suspicion of the assassin. No sooner had the news reached me, than with the specification of the theatre of the crime, there at once flashed upon me the intellectual vision of the criminal: the stranger, with the dark beard and startled eyes, stood confessed before me! I held my breath for a few moments, and then there came a tide of objections rushing

over my mind, revealing the inadequacy of the grounds on which rested my suspicions. What were those grounds? I had seen a man in a particular spot, not an unfrequented spot, on the evening of the night when a crime had been committed there; that man had seemed to recognize me, and wished to avoid being recognized. Obviously these grounds were too slender to bear any weight of construction such as I had based on them. Mere presence on the spot could no more inculcate him than it could inculcate me; if I had met him there, equally had he met me there. Nor even if my suspicion were correct that he knew me, and refused to recognize me, could that be any argument tending to criminate him in an affair wholly disconnected with me. Besides, he was walking peaceably, openly, and he looked like a gentleman. All these objections pressed themselves upon me, and kept me silent. But in spite of their force, I could not prevent the suspicion from continually arising. Ashamed to mention it, because it must have sounded too absurd, I could not prevent my constructive imagination indulging in its vagaries; and with this secret conviction I resolved to await events, and in case suspicion from other quarters should ever designate the probable assassin, I might then come forward with my bit of corroborative evidence, should the suspected assassin be the stranger of the archway.

By twelve o'clock a new direction was given to rumor. Hitherto the stories, when carefully sifted of all the exaggerations of flying conjecture, had settled themselves into something like this: the Lehfeldts had retired to rest at a quarter before ten, as was their custom. They had seen Lieschen go into her bedroom for the night, and had themselves gone to sleep with unclouded minds. From this peaceful security they were startled early in the morning by the appalling news of the calamity which had fallen on them. Incredulous at first, as well they might be, and incapable of believing in a ruin so unexpected and so overwhelming, they imagined some mistake, asserting that Lieschen was in her own room. Into that room they rushed, and there the undisturbed bed, and the open window, but a few feet from the garden, silently and pathetically disclosed the fatal truth. The bereaved parents turned a revealing look upon each other's whitened faces, and then slowly retired from the room, followed in affecting silence by the others. Back into their own room they went.

The father knelt beside the bed, and, sobbing, prayed. The mother sat staring with a stupefied stare, her lips faintly moving. In a short while the flood of grief, awakened to a thorough consciousness, burst from their laboring hearts. When the first paroxysms were over they questioned others, and gave incoherent replies to the questions addressed to them. From all which it resulted that Lieschen's absence, though obviously voluntary, was wholly inexplicable to them; and no clue whatever could be given as to the motives of the crime. When these details became known, conjecture naturally interpreted Lieschen's absence at night as an assignation. But with whom? She was not known to have a lover. Her father, on being questioned, passionately affirmed that she had none; she loved no one but her parents, poor child! Her mother, on being questioned, told the same story — adding, however, that about seventeen months before, she had fancied that Lieschen was a little disposed to favor Franz Kerkel, their shopman; but on being spoken to on the subject with some seriousness, and warned of the distance between them, she had laughed heartily at the idea, and since then had treated Franz with so much indifference, that only a week ago she had drawn from her mother a reproof on the subject.

"I told her Franz was a good lad, though not good enough for her; and that she ought to treat him kindly. But she said my lecture had given her an alarm, lest Franz should have got the same maggot into his head."

This was the story now passing through the curious crowds in every street. After hearing it I had turned into a tobacconist's in the Adlergasse, to restock my cigar-case, and found there, as everywhere, a group discussing the one topic of the hour. Herr Fischer, the tobacconist, with a long porcelain pipe pendent from his screwed-up lips, was solemnly listening to the particulars volubly communicated by a stout Bavarian priest; while behind the counter, in a corner, swiftly knitting, sat his wife, her black, bead-like eyes also fixed on the orator. Of course I was dragged into the conversation. Instead of attending to commercial interests, they looked upon me as the possible bearer of fresh news. Nor was it without a secret satisfaction that I found I could gratify them in that respect. They had not heard of Franz Kerkel in the matter. No sooner had I told what I had heard, than the knitting-needles of

the vivacious little woman were at once suspended.

"Ach je!" she exclaimed, "I see it all. He's the wretch!"

"Who?" we all simultaneously inquired.

"Who? Why, Kerkel, of course. If she changed, and treated him with indifference, it was because she loved him; and he has murdered the poor thing."

"How you run on, wife!" remonstrated Fischer; while the priest shook a dubious head.

"I tell you it is so. I'm positive."

"If she loved him."

"She did, I tell you. Trust a woman for seeing through such things."

"Well, say she did," continued Fischer, "and I won't deny that it may be so; but then that makes against the idea of his having done her any harm."

"Don't tell me," retorted the convinced woman. "She loved him. She went out to meet him in secret, and he murdered her — the villain did. I'm as sure of it as if these eyes had seen him do it."

The husband winked at us, as much as to say, "You hear these women!" and the priest and I endeavored to reason her out of her illogical position. But she was immovable. Kerkel had murdered her; she knew it; she couldn't tell why, but she knew it. Perhaps he was jealous; who knows? At any rate he ought to be arrested.

And by twelve o'clock, as I said, a new rumor ran through the crowd, which seemed to confirm the little woman in her rash logic. Kerkel had been arrested, and a waistcoat stained with blood had been found in his room! By half past twelve the rumor ran that he had confessed the crime. This, however, proved on inquiry to be the hasty anticipation of public indignation. He had been arrested; the waistcoat had been found; so much was authentic; and the suspicions gathered ominously over him.

When first Frau Fischer had started the suggestion it flew like wildfire. Then people suddenly noticed, as very surprising, that Kerkel had not that day made his appearance at the shop. His absence had not been noticed in the tumult of grief and inquiry; but it became suddenly invested with a dreadful significance, now that it was rumored that he had been Lieschen's lover. Of all men he would be the most affected by the tragic news; of all men he would have been the first to tender sympathy and aid to the afflicted parents, and the most clamorous in the

search for the undiscovered culprit. Yet, while all Nuremberg was crowding round the house of sorrow, which was also his house of business, he alone remained away. This naturally pointed suspicion at him. When the messengers had gone to seek him, his mother refused them admission, declaring in incoherent phrases, betraying great agitation, that her son was gone distracted with grief, and could see no one. On this it was determined to order his arrest. The police went, the house was searched, and the waistcoat found.

The testimony of the girl who lived as servant in Kerkel's house was also criminatory. She deposed that on the night in question she awoke about half past eleven with a violent toothache; she was certain as to the hour, because she heard the clock afterwards strike twelve. She felt some alarm at hearing voices in the rooms at an hour when her mistress and young master must long ago have gone to bed; but as the voices were seemingly in quiet conversation, her alarm subsided, and she concluded that instead of having gone to bed her mistress was still up. In her pain she heard the door gently open, and then she heard footsteps in the garden. This surprised her very much. She couldn't think what the young master could want going out at that hour. She became terrified without knowing exactly at what. Fear quite drove away her toothache, which had not since returned. After lying there quaking for some time, again she heard footsteps in the garden; the door opened and closed gently; voices were heard; and she at last distinctly heard her mistress say, "Be a man, Franz. Good night—sleep well;" upon which Franz replied in a tone of great agony, "There's no chance of sleep for me." Then all was silent. Next morning her mistress seemed "very queer." Her young master went out very early, but soon came back again; and there were dreadful scenes going on in his room, as she heard, but she didn't know what it was all about. She heard of the murder from a neighbor, but never thought of its having any particular interest for Mr. Franz, though, of course, he would be very sorry for the Lehfeldts.

The facts testified to by the servant, especially the going out at that late hour, and the "dreadful scenes" of the morning, seemed to bear but one interpretation. Moreover, she identified the waistcoat as the one worn by Franz on the day preceding the fatal night.

CHAPTER III.

THE ACCUSED.

Now at last the pent-up wrath found a vent. From the distracting condition of wandering uncertain suspicion, it had been recalled into the glad security of individual hate. Although up to this time Kerkel had borne an exemplary reputation, it was now remembered that he had always been of a morose and violent temper, a hypocrite in religion, a selfish sensualist. Several sagacious critics had long "seen through him;" others had "never liked him;" others had wondered how it was he kept his place so long in Lehfeldt's shop. Poor fellow! his life and actions, like those of every one else when illuminated by a light thrown back upon them, seemed so conspicuously despicable, although when illuminated in their own light they had seemed innocent enough. His mother's frantic protestations of her son's innocence—her assertions that Franz loved Lieschen more than his own soul—only served to envelop her in the silent accusation of being an accomplice, or at least of being an accessory after the fact.

I cannot say why it was, but I did not share the universal belief. The logic seemed to me forced; the evidence trivial. On first hearing of Kerkel's arrest, I eagerly questioned my informant respecting his personal appearance; and on hearing that he was fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, my conviction of his innocence was fixed. Looking back on these days, I am often amused at this characteristic of my constructive imagination. While rejecting the disjointed logic of the mob, which interpreted his guilt, I was myself deluded by a logic infinitely less rational. Had Kerkel been dark, with dark eyes and beard, I should probably have sworn to his guilt, simply because the idea of that stranger had firmly fixed itself in my mind.

All that afternoon and all the next day, the busy hum of voices was raised by the one topic of commanding interest. Kerkel had been examined. He at once admitted that a secret betrothal had for some time existed between him and Lieschen. They had been led to take this improper step by fears of her parents, who, had the attachment been discovered, would, it was thought, have separated them forever. Herr Lehfeldt's sternness, no less than his superior position, seemed an invincible obstacle; and the good mother, although doting upon her only

daughter, was led by the very intensity of her affection to form ambitious hopes of her daughter's future. It was barely possible that some turn in events might one day yield an opening for their consent; but meanwhile prudence dictated secrecy, in order to avert the most pressing danger, that of separation. And so the pretty Lieschen, with feminine instinct of ruse, had affected to treat her lover with indifference; and to compensate him and herself for this restraint, she had been in the habit of escaping from home once or twice a week, and spending a delicious hour or two at night in the company of her lover and his mother. Kerkel and his mother lived in a cottage a little way outside the town. Lehfeldt's shop stood not many yards from the archway. Now, as in Nuremberg no one was abroad after ten o'clock, except a few loungers at the *cafés* and beer-houses, and these were only to be met inside the town, not outside it, Lieschen ran extremely little risk of being observed in her rapid transit from her father's to her lover's house. Nor, indeed, had she ever met any one in the course of these visits.

On the fatal night Lieschen was expected at the cottage. Mother and son waited at first hopefully, then anxiously, at last with some vague uneasiness at her non-appearance. It was now a quarter past eleven—nearly an hour later than her usual time. They occasionally went to the door to look for her; then they walked a few yards down the road, as if to catch an earlier glimpse of her advancing steps. But in vain. The half-hour struck. They came back into the cottage, discussing the various probabilities of delay. Three-quarters struck. Perhaps she had been detected; perhaps she was ill; perhaps—but this was his mother's suggestion and took little hold of him—there had been visitors who had stayed later than usual, and Lieschen, finding the night so far advanced, had postponed her visit to the morrow. Franz, who interpreted Lieschen's feelings by his own, was assured that no postponement of a voluntary kind was credible of her. Twelve o'clock struck. Again Franz went out into the road, and walked nearly up to the archway; he returned with heavy sadness and foreboding at his heart, reluctantly admitting that now all hope of seeing her that night was over. That night? Poor, sorrowing heart, the night was to be eternal! The anguish of the desolate "never more" was awaiting him.

There is something intensely pathetic

in being thus, as it were, spectators of a tragic drama which is being acted on two separate stages at once—the dreadful link of connection, which is unseen to the separate actors, being only too vividly seen by the spectators. It was with some such interest that I, who believed in Kerkel's innocence, heard this story; and in imagination followed its unfolding stage. He went to bed, not, as may be expected, to sleep; tossing restlessly in feverish agitation, conjuring up many imaginary terrors—but all of them trifles compared with the dread reality which he was so soon to face. He pictured her weeping—and she was lying dead on the cold pavement of the dark archway. He saw her in agitated eloquence pleading with offended parents—and she was removed forever from all agitations, with the peace of death upon her young face.

At an early hour he started, that he might put an end to his suspense. He had not yet reached the archway before the shattering news burst upon him. From that moment he remembered nothing. But his mother described his ghastly agitation, as, throwing himself upon her neck, he told her, through dreadful sobs, the calamity which had fallen. She did her best to comfort him; but he grew wilder and wilder, and rolled upon the ground in the agony of an immeasurable despair. She trembled for his reason and his life. And when the messengers came to seek him, she spoke but the simple truth in saying that he was like one distracted. Yet no sooner had a glimpse of light dawned on him that some vague suspicion rested on him in reference to the murder, than he started up, flung away his agitation, and, with a calmness which was awful, answered every question, and seemed nerved for every trial. From that moment not a sob escaped him until, in the narrative of the night's events, he came to that part which told of the sudden disclosure of his bereavement. And the simple, straightforward manner in which he told this tale, with a face entirely bloodless, and eyes that seemed to have withdrawn all their light inwards, made a great impression on the auditors, which was heightened into sympathy when the final sob, breaking through the forced calmness, told of the agony which was eating its fiery way through the heart.

The story was not only plausible in itself, but accurately tallied with what before had seemed like the criminating evidence of the maid; tallied, moreover, precisely as to time, which would hardly have been

the case had the story been an invention. As to the waistcoat which had figured so conspicuously in all the rumors, it appeared that suspicion had monstrously exaggerated the facts. Instead of a waistcoat plashed with blood—as popular imagination pictured it—it was a grey waistcoat, with one spot and a slight smear of blood, which admitted of a very simple explanation. Three days before, Franz had cut his left hand in cutting some bread; and to this the maid testified, because she was present when the accident occurred. He had not noticed that his waistcoat was marked by it until the next day, and had forgotten to wash out the stains.

People outside shook sceptical heads at this story of the cut hand. The bloody waistcoat was not to be disposed of in that easy way. It had fixed itself too strongly in their imagination. Indeed, my belief is that even could they have seen the waistcoat, its insignificant marks would have appeared murderous patches to their eyes. I had seen it, and my report was listened to with ill-concealed disbelief, when not with open protestation. And when Kerkel was discharged as free from all suspicion, there was a low growl of disappointed wrath heard from numerous groups.

This may sympathetically be understood by whomsoever remembers the painful uneasiness of the mind under a great stress of excitement with no definite issue. The lust for a vengeance, demanded by the aroused sensibilities of compassion, makes men credulous in their impatience; they easily believe any one is guilty, because they feel an imperious need for fastening the guilt upon some definite head. Few verdicts of "Not guilty" are well received, unless another victim is at hand upon whom the verdict of guilty is likely to fall. It was demonstrable to all judicial minds that Kerkel was wholly, pathetically innocent. In a few days this gradually became clear to the majority, but at first it was resisted as an attempt to balk justice; and to the last there were some obstinate doubters, who shook their heads mysteriously, and said, with a certain incisiveness, "Somebody must have done it; I should very much like to know who."

Suspicion once more was drifting aimlessly. None had pointed in any new direction. No mention of any one whom I could identify with the stranger had yet been made; but, although silent on the subject, I kept firm in my conviction, and

I sometimes laughed at the pertinacity with which I scrutinized the face of every man I met, if he happened to have a black beard; and as black beards are excessively common, my curiosity, though never gratified, was never allowed repose.

Meanwhile Lieschen's funeral had been emphatically a public mourning. Nay, so great was the emotion, that it almost deadened the interest, which otherwise would have been so powerful, in the news now daily reaching us from Paris. Blood had flowed upon her streets—in consequence of that pistol-shot which, either by accident or criminal intent, had converted the demonstration before the hotel of the minister of foreign affairs into an insurrection. Paris had risen; barricades were erected. The troops were under arms. This was agitating news.

Such is the solidarity of all European nations, and so quick are all to vibrate in unison with the vibrations of each, that events like those transacted in Paris necessarily stirred every city, no matter how remote, nor politically how secure. And it says much for the intense interest excited by the Lehfeldt tragedy that Nuremberg was capable of sustaining that interest even amid the tremendous pressure of the February Revolution. It is true that Nuremberg is at all times somewhat sequestered from the great movements of the day, following slowly in the rear of great waves; it is true, moreover, that some politicians showed remarkable eagerness in canvassing the characters and hopes of Louis Philippe and Guizot; but although such events would at another period have formed the universal interest, the impenetrable mystery hanging over Lieschen's death threw the Revolution into the background of their thoughts. If when a storm is raging over the dreary moorland, a human cry of suffering is heard at the door, at once the thunders and the tumult sink into insignificance, and are not even heard by the ear which is pierced with the feeble human voice: the grandeurs of storm and tempest, the uproar of surging seas, the clamorous wail of sea-birds amid the volleying artillery of heaven, in vain assail the ear that has once caught even the distant cry of a human agony, or serve only as scenical accompaniments to the tragedy which is foreshadowed by that cry. And so it was amid the uproar of 1848. A kingdom was in convulsions; but here, at our door, a young girl had been murdered, and two hearths made desolate.

Rumors continued to fly about. The

assassin was always about to be discovered; but he remained shrouded in impenetrable darkness. A remark made by Bourgonef struck me much. Our host, Zum Bayerischen Hof, one day announced with great satisfaction that he had himself heard from the syndic that the police were on the traces of the assassin.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Bourgonef.

The guests paused from eating, and looked at him with astonishment.

"It is a proof," he added, "that even the police now give it up as hopeless. I always notice that whenever the police are said to be on the traces the malefactor is never tracked. When they are on his traces they wisely say nothing about it; they allow it to be believed that they are baffled, in order to lull their victim into a dangerous security. When they know themselves to be baffled, there is no danger in quieting the public mind, and saving their own credit, by announcing that they are about to be successful."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SOCIAL STUDY OF OUR OLDEST COLONY.

II.

ANY one who was familiar with Irish social life before the famine and the passing of the Encumbered Estates Acts, would have found in many respects a most striking analogy between that and life in the South, particularly in Virginia, before the war. The presence in each of a degraded race, the varying treatment by good landlords and bad landlords, by good masters and bad masters; the strain upon the country in both cases from the rapid multiplication of the inferior race, though in Virginia the crowding was only crowding owing to the large and reckless system of farming it necessitated. The notions of hospitality were of an almost identical order. But not the least striking similarity was the presence of a class of men at the tag end of the real gentry that in both countries, but in rather different ways, looked on themselves as above honest work, and yet were quite unfitted to be either ornamental or useful in the higher walks of life.

I would now pass over the wavering and uncertain line that divided the aristocracy—or what, for want of a more exact definition, I have called the aristocracy—from the great middle class, or what may with equal fairness be called

the yeomanry. The former, in the county whose social census I am making a rough estimate of, I placed at fifty families; the latter would number probably from a thousand to fifteen hundred households. All of these owned land and slaves at the opening of the war. Some of them held property in both to a greater extent than many of the class who were their social superiors. Such property was the chief and almost only opening for the investment of accumulated means, and men who began life with nothing but "a level head" sometimes died worth a considerable fortune in land and negroes, and the practical local influence which such brings, but without any social recognition. These were exceptions. The average Virginian farmer, who rode his own horse in the war as a trooper under Stuart, or got off it for the first time in his life and performed astonishing marches, barefoot, under Stonewall Jackson—such a man would probably have had four or five hundred acres of land and from ten to thirty head of negroes, only a small proportion of whom would have been full-power male laborers. He stayed persistently at home and rarely went out of the county, which he spoke, and still speaks of, as "old" Nelson, "old" Buckingham, "old" Halifax, or whatever its name might be. His dwelling was very frequently superior in external appearance to what his habits and ideas would seem to demand. He shared all the characteristics of the class above him, with whose material interests his were of course identical, saving the social and educational advantages which alone distinguished them apart. He treated his negroes well and was his own overseer, kept out of debt rather more than the *'ristocrats* (*sic*), was admirable in all his relations of life, rather slow and unbusinesslike than actually lazy, as he is depicted by outside chroniclers. For an Anglo-Saxon, he was not drunken by any means; occasionally went "on the spree," but very seldom "booazed" habitually in his own house—drinking, as a general thing, spring water and buttermilk. A careless farmer, but yet, under the economic conditions which surrounded him, not such a senseless one as is generally made out by people who have had no practical experience of Southern agriculture or Southern life. While the class above him were mainly Episcopalians, he leaned decidedly towards the more congenial excitements of the Baptist or Methodist persuasion. By the time of the Revolutionary War, indeed, dissent

from the old Episcopal faith of Virginia was so great that the first republican legislature "was crowded with petitions for abolishing this spiritual tyranny" (religious legislation). Two-thirds of the citizens were even then seceders; now the proportion is much greater, embracing nearly all the middle and lower ranks. The Southern yeoman, too, is polite, and has no trace of that uncouthness which makes the plain Northern or Western farmer respected more for his intrinsic merits than for his charm of manner. He has always kept fox-hounds and hunted foxes with a passion that is hereditary and of British origin, though in a style that would shock the booted and breeched and ornamented devotee of that noble sport in modern England. He shoots a little, but not nearly so much as the class above him. The balance of his leisure is devoted to "chatting," the pastime above all others which he ardently loves. A country where for seven months in the year people sit in verandahs or under the shade of trees when they sit at all, and when that is combined with a state of society where people live entirely upon farms and plantations, apart from one another — such a state of things is, I think, conducive to a desire for conversation. "Neighborliness," indeed, was cultivated as a science by the Virginian always. He will talk at any time in the day and upon any and every day. Outside each country store rows of saddled horses tied up to the fence for hours at a time, though most of them have not come three miles, give evidence of the gregarious instinct of their owners. These will be found within sitting among the flour-barrels and nail-kegs, indulging in quaint, humorous chaff, or passing slow judgment upon men and things, upon negroes, corn and tobacco, church meetings, lawsuits, or fox-hunting, as if time itself were no more.

The whole tradition of the country unites in a vast protest against hurry. If you meet your neighbor on the road on horseback, though you had met every day for a week, he would look on you as a curmudgeon did you not stop and "chat a while." If on a summer day you stop at a roadside farmhouse for a drink of water, you will be fortunate, if the owner is a speaking acquaintance, to get away within an hour, and considerable hardening will be required to resist the entreaty to "Lite, sir, 'lite," that follows instantly on his greeting of recognition.

Rural property, where the house stands upon the public highway, is among this

middling class considered as having something special in that particular to recommend it. The middle-aged or elderly proprietor of such an enviable location, though he has nowadays to make his boys work, will still sit himself upon the porch in his shirt-sleeves, with long pipe or the less picturesque quid between his teeth, rocking himself to and fro in the warm summer days. His eyes are bent always on the dusty red road that, beyond the shade of the acacias and the old-fashioned, straggling box-trees which divide him from it, leads the people of his part of the county to the county town. Riding along it at slow ambling gaits, on Texan saddles with long swinging stirrups, in big straw hats and white linen jackets, the neighbors go by in ones and twos at long intervals. Each is greeted by our venerable friend with a shout of entreaty to "lite and set a while." The predilections of all tempt them to comply. The stronger-minded, however, declare "they are mightily pushed for time, and must get on." Others yield to their native instinct, hitch their horses to the fence, and relapse into that extended and elaborate formula which, of various kinds according to education, accompanies in the South the meeting of man and man.

It is considered almost rude for a man to go straight into the business — the loan of a plough or whatever it may be — that takes him to his neighbor's door, without a long preamble on things in general. The extraordinary unwillingness to come to the point in any business, however trivial — that is, I believe, exaggerated to the greatest extent in the Spanish American — is a very strong characteristic of the Southerner. It is a symptom, I think, of excessive neighborly tenderness, that shrinks from disturbing — by rude allusions to necessary things — the *dolce far niente* of Southern rural life. It is the same spirit that produced the happy-go-lucky style of life that has become identified with those regions, that made the backing of a bill come to be gradually looked on as the natural duty of every man towards his neighbor, if he would not be condemned as an utter niggard; the fatal tendency of putting off everything that smacked of business formality to the very last moment, which made whatever in the rural South depended on parchment and figures so apt to be a hopeless chaos.

This great yeoman class, in Virginia particularly, is, now that slavery has been abolished, far more important even than

it was. The war reduced it certainly to poverty, together with the class above, or rather we should say destroyed for a time the means of tapping its only sources of supply — the lands — that were left to it. The richer and better educated slave-owners abandoned farming in very large numbers at the end of the war, being unable or unwilling to adapt themselves to a new state of things. They and their sons often went into commercial and professional life, while those that are left, though of course their traditional social position still clings more or less to them, are drawing nearer and nearer, under the more levelling influences of a comparatively hard-working and anxious life, to the level of mere farmers. The large middling class, on the other hand, has scarcely moved at all from its former abodes, and if its rising generation are not so picturesque or so quaint as their shade-loving sires, they are at least more hard-working, more ambitious, more open to outside influences, and in the general advance of education better instructed than the latter. These in all probability imbibed their three Rs, and maybe a little elementary Latin, at the feet of one of those pedagogic oddities who ruled over what was called in their young days an "old field" school.

For the third time the Virginian social system has been destroyed, and the cards are reshuffling themselves on a new basis — this time neither on an aristocratic nor on a *quasi* aristocratic, but on a purely republican one. By a gradual and natural process farmers all over the South, as elsewhere in America, are melting into one class. The evidences of recent class distinction, battered though they be, are still too fresh to have accomplished this as yet, though lands and homesteads that were identified with well-known families have been changing hands rapidly for the past ten years. The "country" is already beginning to be looked down on by the ambitious youth, and his eyes, as elsewhere in America, turn now towards the towns where a rate of improvement much faster than that of the rural districts is beginning to create, out of all sorts of constituents, a leading class on a basis of wealth and education. It is not likely, however, that the rural districts of Virginia will ever become a social wilderness, like so much of America, for many reasons. The hereditary land-hunger of the Virginian causes the successful man of business very frequently to invest his first savings in a country place whither he can

"carry" his wife and family in the summer months and experiment in comparatively improved farming. Northern people of education are not infrequently to be found doing the same thing, attracted by a beautiful and healthy country, large, ready-made, and often even pretentious establishments surrounded by groves and mountains, and broad acres of naturally fertile soil to be had, at what seems to them, and is in fact, a very low price, while still greater numbers of educated Englishmen have stepped into the vacated homestead of the better class of ex-slaveholder. The old magisterial system, which was identical with our own, went with the war, and stipendiary judges at the county towns were appointed. The interests of the people in the State legislature instead of being represented as of old by the educated country gentry are intrusted to courthouse lawyers, or more often still to shrewd yeoman farmers. No more social honor is conveyed by being a member of the Virginia legislature in these days than would be the case in Ohio or Kansas.

Before the war most of the wholesale and all the retail trade in the few towns there were, was carried on by Jews, Irishmen, and the middle class of native Virginians. People with any social pretensions did not go much into wholesale business, rather from the lack perhaps of opening than anything else, but they looked down on shopkeeping with contempt. Now all that is altered, but still there is a discrimination in shops which is amusingly marked and has no doubt good reason for being so. A hardware, or a dry-goods, or a drug store in a good town is looked upon in these days as highly respectable, but I never heard of a young man belonging to the better class becoming a confectioner, a tobacconist, a tailor, or a family grocer, and I don't think I ever saw one keeping a country store. Saloon-keeping, that common resource of young English gentlemen in America, who have either a natural taste for low company or think themselves smart and tell their friends that it doesn't matter what you do in America, is, I need not say, utter social death.

There is no question but that the South has altered wonderfully in its ideas, within the last decade more particularly. I remember even ten years ago the bitterness of defeat seemed to me to have entered irrevocably into the very souls of its people. The farmer, as he sat upon his porch and looked upon the smokeless

chimneys of his cabins, breathed imprecations on everything and everybody north of Mason and Dixon line. It used in those days to be a sort of consolation to him to scout at the notion of the United States remaining intact, and to gloat over some future day when the irreconcilable conflict of powerful interests should effect that disruption which he had unsuccessfully attempted by force of arms. Such feelings, which were then but natural, the local papers used to vie with one another in keeping alive. You hear little or nothing of all this now. The old strong sectional feeling, so far as any hostility is concerned, gets every year fainter and fainter.

The towns, which I have said are gaining rapidly on the country in influence, are growing more American and less Southern. All the energies, at any rate all the enthusiasm of the people, is directed towards home development, and a Northern man who twelve or fourteen years ago would have been coldly received upon any terms, is now, if he is likely to be a substantial addition to a community, welcomed with open arms.

At the close of the war great bids were made for immigration by Virginia and other Southern States. But the flow that was expected from the North, and that did actually begin to trickle, was dried up by the high prices at which proprietors were foolish enough to hold lands that in many instances it would have paid them to give away. They had not yet learned what now is an accepted truth in the South, that it is better to farm four or five hundred acres well and keep it in good condition than to scratch over a thousand or two on the old "rip and tar" (tear) principle.

It was a period, however, of general inflation, and the sanguine temperament of the Southerner found vent in that glowing phraseology, so characteristic of his race, scattering the impression through the country districts that the outside world were all jostling one another in their eagerness to get to those halcyon fields that a dire calamity had suddenly thrown open for their use. Therefore the first instalment of investors found the enormous surplus of land that was waiting to be tilled in the South held at prices which were based not only upon its past value for the raising of negroes but on the fiction of a crowded market.

Nearly all investors in these lands at their early prices lost heavily, for it was 1877 before they reached "hard pan."

Now that the South has shaken down into harness, forgotten *la revanche*, and has an assured future, judicious investors have a very different prospect before them.

With regard, however, to the native farmers after the war—they scraped what they could together and went on working with hired labor on the same careless, easy-going, soil-exhausting principles they had pursued during slavery. They could not reconcile themselves to household thrift, and continued to live with regard to such matters as they had when they were comparatively rich men—simply at all times, but generously and with a contempt for details. I forget the exact years, but I think it was about 1871-2, that tobacco and other staples ran up to a very high price, and it seemed to many as if a whiff of old times had come back. Parts of the country began to burst forth again into "frolics" (vernacular for dances) and tournaments,* credit most fatally revived for a time, and people generally conceived an idea that things were not so bad after all. It was, however, but a false and fleeting gleam of prosperity. A slow shrinkage in everything thinned out still further the ranks of the country gentry class, who, when they came fairly face to face with the life of a farmer who had nothing but a farm to live upon, and no capital to help him, shrank from it and began to move townwards. The yeoman class have had of course the same ups and downs since the war, but they have weathered the storm much better—naturally so—their ideas not being so 'ristocratic. They are better farmers as a rule than the others, having lived closer to the soil than these, even if they have not delved in it personally to any great extent. As I before said, the younger generations of both classes are taking off their coats pretty generally, and merging by slow but perceptible degrees into the same type. As the principal agriculturalists of the South they stand upon a better and firmer basis of prosperity, though a less picturesque one, than their forbears. Fortunately they do not emigrate to the West much, and when they do, they very frequently return with a strong dislike both to the people and the climate. The Virginian, it must be remembered, is as much a foreigner in Kansas or Nebraska as an Englishman, without, however, being at all like the

* Tilting at the ring on horseback was till quite recently a leading rural sport in Virginia.

latter. From whatever rank of society he comes he has been all his life accustomed to treat others, and be treated with rather formal politeness, and Western manners are distasteful to him. He has generally been quite unaccustomed to blasphemy and profanity, at any rate as an habitual method of conversation, and it is disgusting to his stricter ideas of decency and decorum. Perhaps he has not always energy enough for a Western life. His own climate is, of course, an admirable one, and he is not as well adapted to stand extreme cold as a New Englander or an Englishman. Lastly, he is very fond and proud of his own State, and has a clinging to home and home surroundings that is not to be found to the same extent in other parts of old America. Wherever he goes he is always a Virginian, and associates, if possible, with other Virginians. The matter-of-fact bluntness of the Westerner has little sympathy for this sort of thing, and is impatient of any other standards of human perfection save the material one he has erected, together with his prairie towns and grain elevators.

Perhaps the most unhappy characteristic of the South to-day is the tacit refusal of public opinion, and consequently of juries, to recognize as murder, or sometimes even as manslaughter, the killing of a man in a personal quarrel. They are not a quarrelsome people. You seldom hear men outside of politics abusing one another, either to their face or behind their back. Of course gossip of a kind flourishes, but it is of a cautious description, while the scandal-monger is far less reckless than in countries where the pistol is unknown. I am by no means inclined to attribute the universal reluctance of the Southerner to say anything against his neighbor to the dread of serious consequences only. I think it is due very much to the old, easy-going feeling of neighborliness that, outwardly, at any rate, overrides jealousies and shrinks from the nuisance and unpleasantness of even a bloodless "fuss." No doubt the recognition of the pistol does have some influence on people's behavior to one another. The universal purity of white women above the most degraded class, and the excessive rareness of domestic scandals is, no doubt, due in very great part to the fact that the seducer acts at the peril of his life, with judge, jury, and public opinion to applaud the injured relative who kills him without ceremony upon the first opportunity.

The statistics of homicide in the South

look formidable, nor is it any defence to say that the statistics of quarrelling and wrangling, could they be determined, would present, on the other hand, a very favorable appearance. In Virginia, as elsewhere in the South, there is an ingrained feeling that to kill a man under certain provocations is a misfortune rather than a crime. Respectable people, however, do not in my observation rush lightly into quarrels as Englishmen do, and when such occur there is a great reluctance to say or do those particular words and acts of insult that the Southerner looks on as unpardonable. If, however, this line is once overstepped, the consequences are very likely to be serious. Duelling went out before the war. Now and then, however, a meeting comes off, and is a nine days' wonder. The whole press then unites in ostentatious thankfulness that the barbarous practice has so nearly disappeared; but the vehemence of the denunciations against it are somewhat dulled by the consciousness that most newspaper editors would not hesitate to shoot down on the spot a man that struck them with a cane; nor would they consider that by so doing they had in any way forfeited their position in the eyes of society, much less their life or liberty. The homicides of the West are mostly done by the hectoring, bullying rowdy, ready for insult and prone to aggression. The homicides of the South are very frequently the deeds of men of otherwise irreproachable position — men whom the world would call good Christians and good citizens. I cannot see the logic of the self-laudatory congratulation of the Southern press in having got rid of the duello, and substituted the street fight with six-chambered revolvers. The former had at least an element of Anglo-Saxon fair play about it, and had the minor merit of gentility which should have tickled Southern ears. The latter savors of the "rough" pure and simple, has no assurance of fair play, and is often dangerous to harmless passers-by. In this method the aggrieved one, if he is not armed — which is probably the case, for Northern writers very much exaggerate the prevalence of carrying pistols about in the South — sends word to his enemy to look out for himself, and each procuring a pistol, their first meeting in the street or elsewhere is the signal to commence firing. A good deal, however, of the homicidal records of the South are drawn from the haunts of the "poor whites" in the remote valleys of the

mountains, and the exterminating family feuds, so much talked about at the North, are more often than not among these social outcasts, who have little but the passions and instincts of animals to guide them. In Virginia, for instance, among the respectable classes, the refusal to regard certain forms of homicide as murder is as strong as anywhere; but the cases of deadly conflict among these are only just numerous enough to illustrate from time to time by their treatment the aspect of public opinion, and far too few to enter for a moment into the considerations of life. It is the feeling towards this matter, which in the South seems to be something apart from religion or morality, that is unfortunate for the country, and that this palliatory attitude towards this class of crime is a matter of internal sectional satisfaction, mixed with a feeling something akin to contempt for people who cannot understand it, does not argue well for its speedy disappearance.

Many of the characteristics of the Virginian, and of those neighboring States of whom he is typical, savor of the Puritan rather than of the rollicking Cavalier. Its Episcopal Church is evangelical, even to contempt, as regards forms. I have seen the Bishop of Virginia hold a confirmation in a country church attired in a frock coat, stand-up collars, and a black tie fastened in a sailor's knot. The feeling of the majority of his diocese is quite in sympathy. The behavior of the younger portion of the congregations in country churches is so extraordinary as to argue rather a complete failure to appreciate their position than wilful irreverence. The blessing is hardly finished when the ladies, young and old, fall into one another's arms; the men relapse into corn and tobacco, and the inside of the church assumes the appearance of an animated social gathering. That few of these buildings, even those erected in country neighborhoods that at the time were wealthy, have anything in their external appearance to mark their ecclesiastical character is not unnatural in a country where architects and mechanics proper had no existence, and where nothing approaching to art was known. Imagine one of the old-fashioned, oblong, red brick Methodist chapels of a small English country town dropped down in a grove of trees by the roadside, and you have a fair idea of the average country meeting-house of the Southern Episcopalian. If service is going on, you will see forty or fifty saddle-horses hitched up in the shade of the oak-trees, a dozen or

so of conveyances of every description — buggies, spring wagons, and cumbrous, old-fashioned family coaches, spattered with mud, and venerable in appearance, with black-coated negroes snoozing upon the box. Horses and mules taken from the plough, with loosened breast-chains and hanging bearing-reins, crop sleepily at the scant grass, and shake the flies from their long ears. Negro servants will be murmuring in groups under the trees — for the African does not much appreciate the 'piscopal service — and a knot of men will probably be hanging round the open door, getting scraps of the service between their remarks on crops or weather. Many of the congregation will be Methodists and Presbyterians, who, having no service at their own church upon that Sunday, have no sectarian scruples of any kind in patronizing the more exclusive church, if not as worshippers, at least as silent critics.

There will be many Episcopalian families there, however, with whom that church has always been *the* church, in spite of all the lack of dignity and slovenliness that has characterized it from the earliest times in its first transatlantic strongholds. They sit where their fathers sat before them, and can look out through the great square windows over the undulating fields of corn, and wheat, and tobacco, to homesteads where their fathers lived before them, shining among the distant woods. They like their sermons long, and they like them strong. It is no uncommon thing to hear, even at this date, the giddy waltz denounced with solemn thunders from an Anglican pulpit in the South, while the clergy of other denominations wage universal war against such innocent pastimes, with threats and arguments which do little credit either to their common sense or their perspicuity. There are even degrees of crime in this particular in the rural South that are worthy of remark. First, then, are the young ladies who are terrified into abjuring dancing altogether by the thunders of their Church. Next come those who will go out of the straight path so far as to perpetrate "a square." There are then a very large following — I am afraid the hopelessly insubordinate — who dance everything that comes, but in deference to local ideas of decorum abjure the familiar position of the gentleman's arm, and adopt, as a last protest, a compromise of crossing hands in front. Lastly, there has been, from recent friction with the outer world, an immense increase in the brazen young

ladies who insist, to the horror not only of their spiritual advisers, but of their more conservative kinsfolk, in waltzing as people waltz in New York, London, Paris, and every other centre of civilization.

The young lady in the South is still a "belle;" the young man is still a "beau." As a small but suggestive instance of the gradual assimilation to the outside world going on in the South, I may mention the difference in the appearance of the Southern rural "beau" when I first knew him and now. Then he wore a "full suit of broadcloth" with sweeping tails, an expansive shirt-front, long hair, a moustache and goatee often dyed black, a stiff-brimmed, wideawake hat, with a silk cord round it, and a pendent tassel. All that is changed now. The funereal, go-to-meeting garments are left to the very rustic, and the young clerk or student attires himself as nearly like his contemporary of New York and London as the advantages of location admit of. He has not yet shaken off many of his funny notions, and one of the drawbacks to introducing tennis successfully, I hear, into the country towns and districts, is his tradition that it is indecent to take off his coat before the ladies. America abounds in such fantastic pruderies, but the South revels in them. Athletic sports have never gained the faintest foothold. A few rowing clubs flourish feebly, but they flourish without the countenance of the older generation, many of whom look on such things as being connected vaguely with gambling, and at the best, being "ungenteel." There is no sort of sympathy for physical or muscular prowess as there is in the Northern States, except, perhaps, in connection with a horse. There is a kind of feeling that all such things are "undignified," for there is a strange passion for this vague distinction of dignity in the Southern character. The greatest compliment that an aspiring country-town clerk or sucking lawyer can have paid him by admiring young ladies is to be told he is dignified; he struts happily then, and cultivates at second hand, by the light of a limited experience and narrow education, what he fancies to be the grand air of the "old Virginian gentleman."

Something like a third of the population, and two-thirds of the white population, in the county I have spoken of were non-slaveholders before the war. Most of these belonged more or less to the *bond fide* "poor white" class, who lived apart in the mountain hollows, or on odd corners of thin land, that in a country where land

was plentiful and cheap could always be had. Just above these, but with the vaguest of divisions, came the mechanics (so-called), overseers, and small farmers — without slaves, who were connected with, and merged imperceptibly into, the lower strata of the class that I have spoken of as "yeoman."

Without a particle of sympathy for slavery as an institution, one may yet state the bare, incontrovertible fact that the Virginia negro before the war was, as a general thing, a happy and well-cared-for being. He had no thought for the morrow; he was well fed, well clothed, attended in sickness with the best medical skill procurable, and nursed with almost the same care as his master's own family. So far as his understanding went he wanted for nothing. His work upon the whole was by no means excessive; time was allowed him to attend to his garden; presents of money even were frequent at Christmas, when he had several days' complete holiday, and enjoyed the best of all that was going. Other days in the year, too, were given up to merrymaking and enjoyment, as a matter of long usage, by the majority of masters, and no race ever knew better how to utilize such opportunities than the negro of the Southern States.

If the less that is said on the question of morality the better, yet as far as outward observance went, the form of marriage was a standing institution, and was celebrated with solemn pomp. It was a common thing for slaves belonging to different plantations to intermarry, and in such cases so many evenings a week were given to the man to visit his family, while the children always belonged to the owner of the woman.

Throughout the war the negroes behaved admirably. Great numbers were drafted for the Confederate works around Richmond and elsewhere. Some few joined the Federal armies, but the majority stayed at home, and formed all the support the women and children of both races had to look to during those terrible years.

Emancipation tried them sorely. Exaggerated ideas of freedom drove some from homes that under other circumstances they would have been loath to leave; while others refused to leave their old master even when he told them there were no dollars in the till to recompense their services. This same emancipation found them without surnames — a difficulty which was got over by their adopting

with some reluctance the names of the families to whom they had belonged. All this righted itself after a time, for it was natural that the freeman of Virginia should be less averse to labor than his brother of the extreme South or the West Indies, where a warmer climate made it easier to maintain life with a minimum of work, and where the recollections of serfdom were, upon the whole, far less pleasant. Since the war the Virginia negro, considering his training and traditions, has behaved himself well. A temperate climate has, we have already said, compelled him to work, and if he has done that work in a fashion peculiar to his race, he has, upon the whole, given fair satisfaction.

A few have bought small farms, though these have, as a general thing, been low-priced, and consequently indifferent, land. A frequent inability to pay cash for their purchases, and a system of deferred payments, has hampered many of such small proprietors with debt, and it is a question whether they are in as good a position as many of their landless brethren.

Others work as laborers, at wages varying from eight to twelve dollars a month, and rations of bacon and Indian corn meal.

The greater proportion, however, live as tenants upon estates, and inhabit, for the most part, fairly comfortable log or frame houses, with garden attached, and the right to cut firewood, with pasture for cow and pigs.

In some cases such tenants may own a pair of horses or mules, and have allotted to them so many fields, for which they pay a fixed money rent, or a share of the crop, varying from one-fourth to one-third. Usually, however, his landlord provides him with teams and implements, advances him rations for the year when necessary, and divides the crop evenly when sold.

The chief difficulty of this system, which to a great extent frees the negro from supervision and compulsion, lies in his unbusiness-like qualities, rather than in his deliberate idleness, and in the frequent holidays which his new-found independence thinks necessary to indulge in. Should Whit-Monday, for instance, or some other Church festival—the name of which conveys no meaning to the Ethiopian ear other than a time-honored jubilee—arrive in the middle of a critical period in the farm work, no matter how weedy the corn is, or how foul the tobacco land, money could not bribe the hitherto industrious darkey to forego his customary “fing.”

The negro's dissipations almost always have a religious tendency; he hardly knows any other social joy but that which is in some way or other connected with the log church by the roadside, which he will work very hard to erect and to support. To analyze his religious feelings would be difficult, to determine the exact proportions of animal excitability and earnestness that constitute his piety would be as vain as to mock at his whole mode of worship would be flippant.

Religious excitement has the most marvellous power over the negro. He will go Sunday after Sunday to his church, and wait patiently, and to all appearance with perfect indifference to all religious influence, for that magic impulse, of which we know nothing, that impels him to seek the “mourner's bench,” and lose for a time his sanity in wonderful convulsions. He will listen in absolute immobility day after day to the passionate thunders of his negro preacher, till on a sudden its echoes will strike him at the plough-tail, and drive him leaping and bounding all over the plantation, till he falls exhausted in his cabin, amid the sympathies of his fellows, a happy and converted man.

Against lying and stealing his creed inveighs, mildly, and without effect; but against dancing or planting a cabbage on Sunday, it devotes its denunciations with great success.

Again we must admit the negro does not swear nor drink, or speak of; nor is he much given to fighting or to serious dispute. He is neither rude nor arrogant, but is rather by nature civil, and generally ready to render any small service over and above his regular work that may be required of him.

As an agricultural laborer, a miner, or a factory hand, at the comparatively low wage which he receives, the negro is probably the cheapest labor in America. His want of industrial ambition and frugality is the most hopeless trait in his character. He will desert the farm where he is hired by the year at forty cents a day, for a mine or mill where he is hired by the day—but still, with the option of regular work—at a dollar, and yet the aggregate sum he earns will be no greater, and will be regulated by his simple wants, the difference in wage being made up by idleness and loss of time, and inability to save money that is paid him frequently and regularly.

Government schools for the colored population have been universally established throughout the South, presided

over by colored teachers, who, as regards Virginia, have for the most part received their education at Hampton College, an institution founded by Northern philanthropists soon after the war, for the benefit of negroes and Indians. The desire to learn among the children and young men and women is general, and up to a certain point they show great aptitude and quickness. It is as yet too early to predict what effect this will have upon the future of the race. From an outside and abstract point of view, common sense will naturally suggest but one effect, that of general elevation; but an intimate knowledge of the people and their circumstances, will make one shrink from unreserved acquiescence in what at first sight seems like a truism.

To begin with, the color line in social matters is not likely ever to be broken through. A gradually diminishing minority is not likely to wrest a privilege from a ruling and increasing majority, the concession of which that same majority now looks on as a calamity worse than death itself.

Any possible elevation, therefore, of the negro race must always be within certain restricted bounds. A certain amount of political place will be open to them, it is true, for years to come, but office without even the faintest pretence to social recognition amounts after all to very little, even if their best moral and intellectual representatives came to the front in such matters, which, after the fashion of their superior caste, they do not. It would be mere affectation in an Anglo-Saxon to regret that prejudicial barriers exist which secure his race against an infusion of negro blood. Nor whatever abstract laws of justice enthusiasts at a distance may lay down, is it conceivable that an American of English blood, with the welfare of his State and nation at heart, could hail as a sign of its progress and improvement, the participation of Africans in its government.

So as laborers, small farmers, factory hands, and so forth, it is more than probable the negro will remain, and it is a question not to be lightly dismissed, whether a limited education, the acquisition of which encourages that very irregularity in habits of labor which is their curse, is an altogether unmixed good.

A freemasonry, assuming almost the form of mutual terrorism, pervades the whole race. To detect crime, except such as threatens personal safety, through negro channels, is as hopeless an undertak-

ing as it is to track agrarian crime through native sources in Ireland at this moment. Revenge of some kind in return for exposure is looked on by a would-be informer as more than likely. "A white man," they say, "don't know how mean black folk can be to one another." A dread of poisoning without, I think, much ground for such, is the commonest form which this mutual timidity takes. The negro, however, is full of fears, and has not the smallest shame in making them public. He is afraid to walk in the woods alone at night lest "a sperrit" should jump on him from behind. Every familiar spot is peopled after nightfall by his fancy with the spectres of the dead. The cry of the night owl from the forest is for him full of the most portentous omens, while sickness and misfortune he is ever ready to attribute to the spell of some evil eye.

The future of the women is far less hopeful even than that of the men. The older generation, from the habits of industry inculcated by slavery, are still more or less valuable as household servants, washerwomen, or housewives in their own cabins. The younger are as a mass utterly frivolous. The good qualities of the parents are not sustained, while the bad are exaggerated in the children. The latter are as immoral as the men of the same generation — less inclined to work, and less steady and efficient when they do work. Sufficient wages and constant employment are always within their reach. "Trifling" as they are, an established reputation for honesty, steadiness, and application would secure any of them high wages; but these ordinary virtues among the young negro women seem incompatible with the whole tenor of their lives. In the tobacco factories, it is true, they do more regular work, but these are open for very few months in the year, and the town life which they necessitate and after which the women hanker is more costly, not only in the matter of food and lodging, but in that of the excessive personal adornment which it encourages. That this class forms an exception to the otherwise very fair record of the negroes since the war, will, I think, hardly be disputed, though that they are the mothers of future generations of United States citizens is not a pleasing matter for contemplation.

Since the artificial connection between the two races was severed by the abolition of slavery they seem to have each fallen back within themselves, and left a yawn-

ing gulf between, across which it is not easy to imagine that even in their remotest future any bridge can stretch.

The independence of the free negro is not like the independence of the white laborer of the Northern States, who though he may talk about equality, and be barely civil to his superior, yet prides himself upon the reputation he has for skill and industry among the employing class, and regards that reputation as his stock in trade.

The negro on the other hand, in spite of the protestations that run smoothly from his glib tongue, does not as a rule care a straw for the good opinion of the white employing class, though his manner towards such is usually that of a servant to his master and his feelings anything but unfriendly. Of the bad opinion of his own race, however, he lives in pious dread, and the opinion of his own race is based upon a standard that can tend in no way to his advancement, but very much to the contrary.

The most curious side of all this is that there is no one more fond than the negro of enlarging on the duties and obligations of life. Neither is there any one, except perhaps the low-class Southern white, such an adept at blowing his own trumpet. It is quite a common thing to hear two negroes, whether men or women, whether in the corn-field or the kitchen, taking turns about in expatiating on their happy freedom from all those lamentable vices and weaknesses to which their less fortunate brethren are liable.

In spite of all these things, however, no spark of race hostility has ever disturbed the amicable relations that have existed between the Virginians and their former slaves since the war. In nothing has the general fairness of the white majority to the black minority been more displayed than in politics. The latter have voted year after year, in conjunction often with the illiterate whites and unprincipled adventurers in opposition to their employers, and have occasionally been by these tactics victorious on issues that have simply brought disgrace upon their State in the eyes of the world. I have never, however, heard of even an attempt at intimidation except among the negroes themselves, but have rather wondered at the sublime indifference with which educated and intelligent men watch the annual stampede to the polls of those who live upon their land, and who look to them in time of need for everything, but who give wholesale political submission to the dic-

tation of men who very rarely even pretend to be respectable.

I am far from wishing to scoff at the tenacity with which the negro exercises his right to vote. On the contrary, his loyalty to the party that freed him would have an admirable aspect if it were intelligent and more individually spontaneous, and if it were not for the knowledge that his simplicity and ignorance were used as a catspaw by the unscrupulous and the adventurer.

Two-thirds of the black vote is cast in ignorance of even the names of the candidates. Just as they were taught to believe after the war in the "forty acres and the mule" canard, so now is the fiction that the victory of the Democratic party would once again rivet on them the chains of slavery industriously maintained. In the presidential elections their vote merely helps to swell the Republican majority and does no harm except in the opinion of the defeated Democracy. It is in State elections, where they form a tempting prey to any adventurer with an immoral platform and a small following, to turn the scale, that the mischief lies.

From The National Review.

A HAMPSHIRE TROUT.

THE art and mystery of fishing with a fly, like many another mystery, is not to be learned from books. It has an excellence and a beauty of its own which the true disciple gradually learns for himself, but which an outsider can neither understand nor appreciate; though the joys and pleasures of angling have been sung in many a happy strain since the days of honest old Izaak Walton. Byron, indeed — though he relished the coarser excitement of the cock-pit, or the slaughter of rats — has a hard word for all things piscatorial and all fishermen —

And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says.

And lackadaisical Leigh Hunt actually proposes that the father of all anglers should be hooked by the nose, and pulled up into cloud-land, that he might know the pangs of a captured fish. But in spite of all these and other hard sayings, and in spite even of ponderous old Sam Johnson's bitter *dictum* about a hook at one end of a line and a fool at the other, young and old, rich and poor, will go a-fishing as keenly as ever; and Wal-

ton's "Angler"—after running through more editions than any like popular handbook but "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress"—is now read by thousands of disciples where the quaint old fisherman rejoiced to find a score. His whole book is full of sunshine and air, the fragrance of flowery meadows, the sweet sounds of country life, the song of birds, the ripple of the stream. With no more fitting words than his can we turn to our immediate subject.

"The trout," says Walton, "is a right generous fish, feeding cleanly and purely in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and Hampshire, as I think, exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, and pleasant brooks, and good store of trout." Hampshire still deserves its good character as the land of bright waters, and a nourisher of a breed of trout which for strength, beauty, and pluck are not to be surpassed; and it is from the banks of a swift clear stream running into the Test that we shall first glance at them in their native element.

The river winds along through a quiet, lonely valley for the most part across broad, level water-meadows, but here and there creeping up to the foot of some swelling, chalky slope, the edge of which is fringed with overhanging alder-bushes or drooping willow. More rarely we meet with a clump of birch-trees or quivering poplar; but for the most part it is open country, and everywhere the stream is as bright and sparkling as crystal. It is worth a long day's fag only to stroll through such a goodly domain of fragrance and liquid sunshine. "The traveller," says C. Kingsley (*piscatorum piscator*), fancies he has seen the country; so he has, the outside of it, at least; but only the angler sees the inside. He is face to face with flower, bird, and insect life of the rich river-banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has not interfered." In the course of a mile the stream may wind a dozen times, every curve and bend adding some fresh charm to the scene; and revealing a succession of deep, clear pools, and rich feeding-grounds for goodly fish. The odd thing is that after a fortnight of parching July weather the river seems full to the brim. This is the secret of the chalk stream, which is full nearly all the year round, and totally unlike the mountain or moorland brook, that for three weeks may be dry as a turnpike road, and then for a trio of days be a torrent of what looks like bottled porter. Nor is this all, for count-

less swarms of insects haunt the rich soil of the chalk stream; hence the food is rich and abundant, and the trout grows lusty and strong. And though at times he may seem to be dainty enough, and refuse every variety of diet which *Piscator* can offer; or, after dining heartily on green-drake, devote himself to a tiny iron-grey midge—just as an alderman may take a few whitebait after a course of turtle and juicy haunch—there is no doubt of his being rather a coarse and free liver. Scarcely a living thing is there which falls in a trout's way that he will not attack and swallow—if not too big for a mouthful—including even his own relations; so that when old Walton calls him a *generous* fish and a clean, it must not imply any refinement of palate, or nicety of living, but apply to him as it does to old wine or royal venison.

But let us stroll down to the river, and see what is going on in the broad pool below the hatch, through which the stream sparkles and dashes on in the open sunshine. It is a sultry July morning, and the dew still lingers here and there in beads of crystal on the long grass and sedge; but there is a bonny breeze springing up from the south, and with it come clouds and a promise of shade. We will jump over this little bubbling watercourse—running at right angles to the main stream—get down below the clump of alders, and stand at the foot of the long run. The pool is some forty yards long and about fifteen in width; gradually deepening from a few inches over the sandy shallow, up to four or five feet of dark-green water rushing under the wooden bridge. At the first glance up-stream, not a fish is visible; but luckily the sun, which has been shining fiercely down from the opposite side, just now drops behind a passing cloud, and as the shadow falls on the water, a map of the country below may be clearly seen. Eyes *used to such work* will easily make out the clumps of long, waving weed,* the outline of each narrow channel and bed of pebbles, as well as of

* Let Kingsley himself tell us what he saw when looking down, over a hoarding, into one of these very Hampshire pools: "It is like a tiny forest of fine, waving weed, all crowded with insect life. The floor is covered with small odds and ends of stick, some crusted with bits of fine gravel. Watch, and see them crawling and tumbling over each other. They are the larva-cases of the tribe of capers; inside are goodly, fat grubs—delicate, rich eating. Does he eat ease and all? Little doubt, for in spring-time he has a regular gizzard to digest them. Next come the larvæ of water-flies, green-drakes, black-alder, and a host of other dainties, and water-shrimps, all down below in the cold, bleak weather, when the big trout lie close, and feed heavily like aldermen."

many of the fish that are feeding. If you shade your eyes with your hand, and look steadily into the shallow five or six yards up, you will see half-a-dozen trout ranging from a quarter to a half a pound, a few feet apart, all watching keenly for any stray eatable that may chance that way. Higher up, near that tuft of sedge on the left, where the water runs deeper and swifter under the bank, are three other fish, heads up-stream, working steadily against the current, and looking at first as if motionless. Further out, two other larger ones are feeding, every now and then dashing to the surface, and, having swallowed some truant fly, dropping back to their old *habitat*. The larger one weighs at least two pounds; and as he rises, you may make out some of the crimson spots on his side, which glows like a bar of ruddy copper.* The strange thing is that, though many fish are feeding, scarcely a fly seems visible. But look again, and you will see, hovering over the surface of the water, little clouds of tiny midges, like motes in the sun-beam: it is at these the fish are rising; and if you take your eyes off the water for two minutes, you will lose sight of the midges altogether, and even of the trout themselves, which are of one color with the weed, sand, and stones about them.

But a sudden breeze springs up; the leaves of the willow and the poplar quiver and whiten, and the whole pool is covered with a sparkling ripple. In a moment, weeds and stones, shallows and swift stickles† and trout are all alike hidden; and *now* is your time to throw for the big fish. Line and collar have been soaking in the run below for the last ten minutes, and every kink is now fairly out. But take off the *quill-gnat*, and put on a *caperer*, of which you may see half-a-dozen buzzing to and fro over the swift water. They have been just blown off the long grass above the hatch, and are now zig-zagging over the rough water, little conscious of the hungry mouths that watch for them below. Once or twice in his gay flight one of them has unwisely touched the water; the next dip is fatal. His wings are too wet to permit of his rising quickly, and in a trice his fate is sealed. There is one swift dash in the ripple, a gurgling circle in the bright water, and all is over. Now is the time for Piscator. Never mind the half-pound-

ers in the shallow, but, keeping well back from the bank, throw daintily some three or four feet above where the unlucky caperer came to grief. Let the fly come quietly down with the current, past the fatal spot. No sign of our friend as yet. Never mind, he is still there; and, if not hungry, yet breakfasting with a fair relish. Patience. Throw again; fifty times if need be; and every time with unruffled temper and equal care. The breeze freshens, and the ripple grows stronger; all the better for you. The line is carried out to its extreme length before it falls, but just as the fly reaches the water the wind gives it one little flick over in the ripple; there is a sudden splash, and you have him. Gently; shorten your line steadily, keep your rod well up, and bring him quietly down-stream into the shallow. There; now you have him well under command below the point of your rod; not, as you supposed, however, the two-pounder, but a fellow of about half his size, who was feeding a foot or two below his worship. It will take several minutes yet before he is exhausted; as you cannot afford to let him have the run of the pool and scare all his friends. Now he is in the net, turn him out on the grass, and admire the beauty of a well-made Hampshire trout. Back arched into a curve; small, compact head; belly and sides silvery white and grey, or yellow, spotted with brilliant crimson, grey, or black; and dorsal tail-fin of glowing red.

Aud now for the two-pounder. Wait for a minute or two and he may rise again. There he is! not a yard from his old place. Set to work, and make the caperer fall above him as lightly as a snow-flake. Fifty times in vain! Try fifty more. He is rising freely now, but unhappily not at your fly. He is perchance an old, crafty tyrant of the pool; and, up to all the mysteries of feathers and wool, has broken away from half-a-dozen anglers before to-day. Never mind; be patient. Well thrown! At last he has taken the fatal gulp, and as he turns away into his cool retreat give him a quiet turn of the wrist. He feels it in a second, and is off as hard as he can go to an old hiding-place, through the fierce rush of water among the weeds, close up to the wood-work of the bridge. If he once reaches that nook, the chances are fifty to one against Piscator; therefore check him quietly at once. Let him, if he likes, take an excursion to the opposite bank, where there is no drooping branch to touch the line, or bed of weeds for shel-

* This ruddy glow, visible in some trout, but altogether wanting in others, I cannot account for, unless it be a sign of lusty health and vigor.

† Devonshire for rough broken water.

ter. But wherever he goes, either with or against the current, make him pull out every inch of line he wants, and never suffer it to grow slack. Now he is grubbing under the opposite bank, where he must not linger too long, but be led steadily out down the stream. Once more he feels the hook, and is off to the top of the run; now, luckily for you, he rushes down stream, and, as you reel up your line in hot haste, leaps wildly into the air. Luckily, again, your rod is well down, and the line nearly taut, so that, the dangers of the leap being over, you can bring him out of the swift water into the quieter shallow. Here he must be fought by inches, but with good temper. One false move, one touch of impatience, or hasty strain, and you will be checkmated; the line will grow suddenly slack, and your crimson-spotted adversary will roll lazily over once or twice down the shallow into the next pool, there retire into a fastness of weeds, think over what has happened, and gradually recover his bewildered wits.

But you give him no such chance. Shorter and shorter grows the line, feebler becomes every effort, nearer he draws to the bank, and at last, brought smoothly up to the surface—with open mouth he turns over on his side, the net is slipped under him from behind, and in another moment he is on the grass; and if steel-yard is to be relied on, two and a quarter pounds good weight. It has taken more than six minutes to kill him, and he has been full of pluck to the last.* Side by side with the other fish, you could scarcely believe that both came from the same river, or were of the same breed, though both are of the same shape and both in season. The black spots of the bigger fish are larger and more numerous, thickly scattered along the back and belly, while the basis of the coloring, so to speak, is of a tawny brown. On the smaller fish the red spots are sprinkled over the whole body, the belly is golden, there is a deeper fork to the tail, while the coloring inclines to a greenish, silvery black. The length of the heavier trout is about fifteen inches; of the other, a foot.†

* Forty years before this I was fishing in the valley of the Plym, a mile below Bickleigh bridge. Time, an August noonday; river, a thread of silver, and not a fish to be had. A sudden thunder-storm turned the Plym into a torrent of muddy foam. Off with flies; on with a big hook and a worm, cast idly into a deep under waterfall. A giant of 2 lbs. seized it, and raged up and down stream for *five-and-thirty* minutes. But we were two boys, without a landing-net and without skill, or any knowledge of a trout above 4 oz. He weighed 2 lbs.

† When cooked, the larger fish cut red like a salmon;

Meanwhile it grows hotter and hotter. Let us rest a while under this tall poplar, and after a morsel of luncheon smoke the pipe of peace. As we look up the valley, and watch the golden haze as it shimmers and trembles in a faint cloud across the green meadow, with not a sound to be heard but the coo of the ringdove in the copse beyond the hatch, the light quiver of the aspen overhead, and the music of the stream hurrying onwards towards the silver Test, one might sit and dream here for golden days together. All the fag, worry, and care of life are forgotten. "For we anglers," says a master of the craft,* "are a peculiar people. We understand each other's thoughts by an intuition of which you know nothing. We cast our flies on many waters, where memories, facts, and fancies rise; we take them and show them, small or great,—and are content. Not that it is a mere dreaming; there is excitement enough, ripe and sudden. It's like searching for ancient treasures; no one knows what lies hidden under the surface. As far away as the days of Theocritus, the angler dreamed of his good luck, and of big fish; and woke up with a start at a sudden rise."

And as Charles Kingsley, himself the prince of Hampshire fishermen, says: "If he hasn't caught them, he might have caught them; he has been catching them in his imagination all the way; and there is no falser proverb than that devil's beatitude, 'Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.'"

But, all at once in the midst of our reverie, a sudden splashing is heard in the little stream behind us, where the back-water is not more than a foot deep. Is it a fish, or a frog? If you look, you will see the back-fin and tail of a trout above the surface, where he is hunting about for food. He winds in and out among the tufts of grass very cleverly, and is just paddling slowly up towards the clear water at the foot of the little wooden sluice-board. The pool is there about four feet square, and as many deep, shut in by steep banks, and on the third side by a sheet of dark wood which bars all further progress. Over this domain

the other white as a dace; hardly agreeing with old Walton's dictum as to color depending on difference of feeding-ground. "If I catch a trout," he says, "in one meadow, he shall be white and faint; in the next he shall be strong and red and lusty; oftentimes so that the very shape and enamelled color of him hath joyed me to look on."

* W. C. Prime, in his charming little book, "I go a Fishing."

he reigns supreme, devouring every truant creature that invades it. Long ago has every minnow, stickle-back, and troutlet perished; and he is often hard up for a dinner. Glance at him, from behind this pollard-willow; he is now sailing slowly round the crystal reservoir, and snapping up every stray fly and midge. You can trace him by his back-fin close up to the wood-work among the bubbles, where a thin stream of water makes its way through a crack into the pool. He has been a prisoner for the last six months, in fact ever since that wintry flood, when even the chalk stream must brim over with snow-water, the sluices have to be raised, and many a little trout is washed away among the meadow-grass. It will be curious to see the effect produced by such a change of *habitat*, and so limited a range of hunting-ground.

Put on, therefore, the smallest of quill-gnats, shorten your line to about ten feet, creep quietly up behind the willows, and throw as lightly as gossamer among the bubbles. If you *can*, make your fly strike against the wood-work, and then drop into the water. Ha! your quill-gnat has caught in a splinter of the wood, and holds fast. Still,—don't be in a hurry. One short jerk will set all to rights, when a hard pull would have snapped the collar. There, all is well, and at the very instant the fly touches the water it is seized on, and you are playing a good strong fish in a pool four feet wide. Don't give him an inch of line; and above all don't let him go for a second among the grassy roots. He fights hard to get there, for two minutes; but then you have him safe on the bank. And if you were surprised at the difference of outward show in your last two fish, you feel inclined to say of No. 3,—

Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.

He is, more or less, black all over. Back and belly are all dark; the red spots fewer, though brilliant; and the whole of the silvery side of a mellow brown—the exact tint of the wood-work and rich umber soil at the sides of the pool. He is strong, thick-set, and well-made, weighing just over a pound.*

And this leads us to a curious fact in the natural history of the trout—his power of acquiring an actual change of color, apparently by the exercise of some mere volition on his own part. "Put a living *black burn* trout," says Mr. St. John, "into a white basin of water, and in

half an hour he will have become of a far lighter color. Keep him for some days in a good-sized jar lined with white, and he will become absolutely white. Put him into a dark vessel, and in the course of a day the white fish will have again changed his outward guise, and become black; as if by magic."†

Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.

However extraordinary this may seem, the truth of the facts may be easily corroborated.

The river Plym, which gives its name to the thriving town of Plymouth, is formed by the junction of two streams, the Meavy and the Cad, flowing down two separate moorland valleys, till they meet at the foot of Dewerstone,‡ below Shaugh bridge, and both full of trout. But though both streams rise in the same moorland, the soil of each valley entirely differs: the bed of the Meavy being fine gravel and pebbles; that of the Cad, dark, peaty bog earth, amid rocks covered with moss nearer black than green. The consequence of this difference is, as it were, two distinct kinds of fish, both of which may be caught in the same rapid below the bridge, perhaps within a yard or two of each other; one of a brilliant silvery white, starred with crimson, and the other of an olive or golden hue, as dark as a mulatto, the red spots being few and far between. Five miles below Shaugh bridge, the Plym flows at the foot of some steep hills, and specially the famous Cann quarry of pale blue slate, with fragments of which the bed of the stream is here lined. All along that reach the young trout obey the law of their being, and assume a garb of dark, greyish blue, like that of the salmon or grayling. But the fish are few and small, the diet being scanty and poor. By the time the stream has reached Plym bridge, it has become a goodly river, abounding in fish of a good size, and cutting red like a salmon. But in the large meadow, just below the bridge, is a deep pond, shut in by a thick fringe of trees. This was once the shaft of a copper or tin mine. The water is of a pale green, and the fish are of the same unhealthy complexion, and only to be caught by the wariest of anglers; trout with large, dropsical heads and greenish bodies.§ Oddly enough, close by is an-

* St. John's Wild Sports.

† A fine old granite-covered Tor on the border of Dartmoor.

‡ "Not like the crocodile," says Walton, "who if he lives never so long, yet always thrives until his

* This fish when cooked was firm, and of a good red color, but of a strong earthy flavor.

other pool, which afforded one more proof of this chameleon tendency of the trout. It was in a little hollow, in which some recent flood had left a few scattered fish. One September evening, while passing this lonely pool, I took a cast at it. Instantly up came a fish. He was about as big as a pilchard, long and thin, and brown all over like a ripe filbert; for the pool was paved with ruddy autumn leaves; and the water being thus turned into a dye, had seized on its few speckled children and stained their pale faces like so many gipsies.

But we must hurry back into Hampshire. It is now hotter than ever, and the water seems brighter than crystal. But if, *well out of sight*, you look up the pool, you will make out that the trout are pretty much in their old places, and, though not steadily feeding, in a sort of siesta not precluding exertion if necessary. Look across the stream to that little bay where some cattle came down to drink ten minutes ago. It is still muddy where they stood, for an eddy in the curve prevents the water from being carried back into the main stream. Look sharply, and will see the back-fin of a large trout, foraging among the grassy roots in the shallow for such few caddis baits as have been stirred up by the kine. Out in mid-stream, hard by where the two-pounder fed only this morning, is another fish of the same size. He feeds near the same stone, haunts the same weeds, and, in fact, has succeeded his deceased friend in all the rights and privileges of sovereignty. The smaller fry treat him with deference and keep at a respectful distance. How the vacancy became known, or where the new sovereign came from, it is not for us to say. But *the king never dies*, and his right of succession will probably be obeyed, unless some roving three-pounder make his way up-stream and contest the seat with him. If so, the fight will be fierce.

How fierce the tug of war, let me tell in the words of one of the cleverest and kindest of Hampshire fishermen, who knows every pool and fish in this river. One morning, higher up the stream, he observed two large fish feeding near together, the one close to a lock, the other a dozen yards lower down. All at once, the latter began to move up into his rival's domain. His presence was at once detected, and felt to be *de trop*; symptoms

of uneasiness were shown on both sides, by short, restless dartings from side to side. In another minute the fray had begun. "The trout," says T. B., "rushed at each other like a couple of bulls, striking heavy blows with the snout, and knocking each other about unmercifully." But neither fish would give in, and the end of it was that both of the combatants were lifted out in the keeper's landing-net, stunned, and all but dead. Whether they fought as a couple of rival chanticleers fight, for mere supremacy in the farm-yard, or in mere obedience to Mr. Darwin's theory of "the survival of the fittest," it is hard to say; but of the facts there can be no doubt. And to this instance of pugnacity, another can be added of a somewhat similar kind. A mile up the stream stands a mill, and above it a long stretch of deep water, too full of strong half-pound fish to admit of many larger ones. Late one evening a big fish had been hooked, and after many vagaries was at last *in extremis*, and drawing near the bank, when suddenly sailed up a *causa teterrima belli*, in the shape of a huge, black-looking trout, who hovered close to his expiring friend (or foe?), and, as if in utter bewilderment, rushed at him, bit him, and drove him to the extreme surface. So close were the two together at one time, that had a friend been with the angler — who held rod in one hand, and net in the other — both fish might have been dipped out at once. As it was, the big bully forced the other in his terror to leap about until he broke away, and both calmly sailed down stream together. Similar cases occurred more than once in that very milldam; but whether curiosity, rivalry, sympathy, or sheer amazement was at the root of the strange episode, it is impossible to say.

But, while wandering thus far a-field, evening has been coming on. The wind has grown gusty; piles of grey cloud cover the western sky, myriads of flies are abroad, and over the river; caperers, black gnats, whirling duns, and black-alders. *But where are the fish?* Just at the very time one would expect them to be busiest at the top of the water, not a trout is to be seen, except in the broad shallows where small fry are dimpling the stream with shining circles. Here, again, is a mystery. The hours at which trout feed seem altogether arbitrary, or to depend on laws unknown to Piscator. At one moment, far and wide up and down stream not a rise is visible, but in ten minutes the whole surface will be alive with fish.

death. Not so trout; for after he comes to full growth he declines in body, and keeps his bigness or thrives only in his head, — till he be dead."

This may last for twenty minutes, or for twice fifty, and then the feast all at once ends, though the table is still loaded with viands; time and tide are both fair, and the music of the evening breeze, and a score of dainty songsters among the trees, conspire to give the guests an appetite. Since about 3 P.M. this afternoon few trout have been on the move, and now there is a dead lull. Hasten up to the broad ford below the mill-bridge, and see what is going on where the river runs over a broad sheet of gravel. The clouds grow darker and thicker, and there is a heavy shower drifting up. Here come its first drops. Draw out half-a-dozen yards of line, and throw boldly out into mid-stream in the deeper water at the tail of the ford; stick your rod into the turf at an angle of 45°, and let your flies take their chance. It is raining heavily now, so heavily that most of the flies are driven ashore, or sent water-logged down stream; but if you peer keenly down the reach, you may still see some fish at work. Come back to the elm-tree for shelter; here, close to the hedge, and keep watch for ten minutes. Never mind the beetle, as you call it, on your neck. It is only a cock-chafer; throw him smartly into the still water by the side of the eddy, and see what becomes of him. He tries very hard to rise again, but his wings are too thoroughly clogged with wet, and so he drifts slowly along in the back-water, making little splashes which grow feebler every moment. Two fish have been at him already, but given him up as tough and unmanageable, and now a third carries him actually down for a second or so. Yet he struggles up into dismal vitality once more, and has just got into deeper water, when a greedy half-pounder's jaws snap upon him with a splash; in the midst of which, however, is heard a far pleasanter sound. It is the loud whizz of your reel, spinning swiftly round at the resistance of a good, strong fish. In the midst of the rain he was roving to and fro, foraging for whatever might fall in his way, when he suddenly fell in with your flies, seven or eight inches under water, swaying idly about, as any drowned couple might do. At first sight they attracted little notice, but a second offer of "the governor" was too tempting. Having hastily swallowed it, and found it not exactly to his liking, the trout dashed away to the other side of the river, at a loss to understand what the strange sensation in his lower jaw could mean. Run down, therefore, and, in spite of the rain, bring him to his senses; then to the shore across

this pebbly beach. But don't hurry; he is a good fish, the strong current is dead against you, and the trees forbid your going any lower down stream. There — now you have him; he weighs some eighteen or twenty ounces, and is as handsome a fish as you will see to-night.

But the shower is over at last; the air seems sweeter and fresher than ever; the lark is singing her evening song high up towards the blue sky; the sand-martins and swallows are busily skimming across the meadow and over shining river, beyond which the light has just caught the spire of the village church and turned its shifting vane into a flash of gold. As we stroll back to the broad curve of the river below the hatch, let me tell you what once happened to a mighty angler * here in this very meadow, below the clump of pollard-willows. He tells the story as if of somebody else.

"I saw," he says, "the other day, a fish hooked cleverly enough by throwing to an inch where he ought to have been, and where indeed he was; and from the only place possible for such a cast. The moment he felt the hook, out of the water he came, head and tail, with a fair side showing clearly two pounds weight; and then? Instead of running away from the fisherman, he came straight at him, — and for the best of reasons. Between man and fish were ten yards of shallow, and then a bank of weeds in which was his house and home. For that weedy bank the spotted monarch made a dead set, knowing that once there he could drag himself clean of the hook. What was to be done? Take him down-stream through weed? Alas! on the man's left hand was an old pollard, stretching cut over the water, barring all way. Jump in and run round? Alas! he had rather to run back, for fear of a loose line; so fast was the fish coming, without a moment to wind up. Safe into the weeds dashes the trout; then poor Piscator, finding the fish stop, plunges in mid-leg deep, and staggers up to the weeds, hoping to get all right. There he finds his dropper fast in the weeds, and the tail fly — just now in the fish's mouth — floating idly down stream, in the depths! *Quid plura?* Draw a veil over that man's return to the shore."

We will; and here we are at the broad pool, which five or six hours ago was a molten sheet of glass; but now, one of dark ripple. Creep to the bottom of the run, keeping well back, and look up the stream. Four or five fish are feeding

well, — some to be had if you go to work rightly. Take the lowest down, near the bank. Two throws settle him. Both were awkwardly managed; and that one splash made by your collar getting twisted in the wind sent him flying across the stream at such a pace as to scare No. 2; and both are now safe under the opposite bank. No. 3 is still feeding steadily on this side, within a yard of the shore. *You cannot see him?* Close to the end of that waving weed, mark the little dimpling circles which follow each other in rapid succession. The nose of the trout is just an inch or two below, and he is rising a dozen times in a minute, it would be hard to say at what. Throw cleverly a yard above him, and he is yours. At the third throw you hook him. Lead him gently down, *close to the bank*, in the same narrow channel; and before he is at all aware of what is going to happen, your friend slips the net under him from below, and dips him out on to the grassy bank. Not once in fifty times can a pound fish be thus despatched.

The last gleam of a fiery sunset is now falling on the winding river, and the alder-bushes on the opposite bank are all aflame. High above us is sailing a long, broken string of rooks heavily winging their way home to the belt of tall elms; the swallows are still busy over the stream; and the lonely cry of the corn-crake dies away on the hillside, where some swarthy reapers are still at work.

Our pleasant day by the clear water is ended, though we might have added fresh hours to it among the trout in a score of other quiet valleys, from the shore of Loch Lomond as far west as a little brook that falls into the sea near the Lizard, among the rocky streams of Dartmoor, by the Box Brook near Bath, the winding Avon under Hungerford Farleigh, the wooded slopes of the Tavy, the green meadows of the Exe, the swift waters in Bickleigh Vale, or the silent deeps of the Yealm where she meets the sea. For in all these have we found many hours of happy wandering in sun and shade, fresh air, content, and goodly trout, where care is forgotten and the battle of life for a time is stayed. No wonder, therefore, that such days have attracted men of all ages, ranks, and professions. No wonder that when that most potential of archdeacons and senior of wranglers, Paley, was asked by his bishop when a certain erudite treatise would be ready for the press, he replied, "*As soon, my lord, as the fly-fishing season is over.*" No wonder that Christopher North, giant and magician of the

Lakes, up to the last of fourscore years, was found busy at the burnside, though no longer able to see to tie his own flies; or that Horatio Nelson, after losing one eye and his right arm for his country, taught himself to fish with his left, and killed many a gallant trout in the Wandle.* There, too, and in the Colne, fished sage Sir Humphrey Davy, and light-hearted Gay the poet. These, and a host of others, warriors, statesmen, and fishers of men, poets, men of business, science, or philosophy, have sought out and found the pleasures of fly-fishing. For the true fisher does more than learn to kill trout, or even watch the shining waters. "By the side of a pleasant river," says cheerful Charles Cotton, "thou art otherwise pursuing thy recreation. For the gliding of waters, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, the view of delightful prospects, and the various occupations of rural life, shall dispose thee to quiet reflection; while the beauties of nature, the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty in caring for all his creatures, the order and course of his providence, the rewards of a good life, and the certainty of thine end be thy subjects of meditation."

"Atte the least," says Dame Juliana Berners (some two centuries earlier), "the angler hath his wholesome walke, and is mery at his ease; he hath a swete aiyre of the swete savoure of the meede flowers that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodious armoury of fowles, swannes, duckes and cotes; surely thenne no man is merier in his spryte than he."†

Say a cheery good-night, therefore, to the passing reapers; and then, in no more fitting words, or a daintier bit of modern Latin, can we take a parting glance at the "pleasant river:"—

Hic
Nulla vox montani fluminis
Numerus nullus Aquarium
Talis qualis est
Illic
Ubi in ripis sacris jucunditate
Perenni quiescunt quorum
In Memoriam alman scriptum
Est hoc volumen,
Vale.‡

The ruddy glow of sunset has faded out of the sky, and a soft mist is creeping over the meadows, as we make our way stoutly up the valley. After ten hours

* In Merton Church, close to the Wandle, still hangs the hatchment of Lord Nelson, who once lived at Merton Grove, and often attended the church, and fished hard by, as a boy.

† On Fyishing. By Dame Juliana Berners. Printed by Caxton, 1486.

‡ I go a-Fishing. By W. C. Prime.

thus healthily spent in the fresh air, the prospect of supper at the roadside inn is not an unpleasant one.

Hark! as we gain the brow of the hill, the lonely village tower tells nine o' the clock, and, as the sound dies away, far off may be heard the faint music of rushing waters hurrying down to join the silver Test, on its way to the distant sea.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
HEINE'S REMINISCENCES OF HIS FATHER.

WE learn from the continuation of the memoirs in the *Gartenlaube* that Heine was well aware of the influence exerted on his destinies by his bandit relative, Simon de Geldern. For about a year after becoming acquainted with the family traditions concerning his Oriental great-uncle, he lived a kind of dream-life, in which reality mingled with fancy, and in his excited imagination he identified himself with his adventurous uncle. "In my dreams I met people in strange garments of striking colors; their faces wore a weird expression, and looking at them I had the feeling which overcomes us on remembering the love or hatred of former days. I understood their language, which I had never heard before, . . . and I said things of which I had not the slightest idea." For about a year this condition lasted, then it was shaken off, but traces of it remained in the soul of the boy. "Many an idiosyncrasy, many a fatal sympathy and antipathy, perhaps contrasting with my own nature — nay, even many a deed contrasting with my thought — I explain as the consequences of that dream-life when I was my own great-uncle." Philosophizing on his relations to this uncle, Heine indulges in a general contemplation on the relations of human beings to each other, contrasts the philanthropic Mosaic with the egotistic Roman law, and then returns to his reminiscences. It has often been brought against Heine — as years before it was against Goethe — that he dwelt too much on his relations of a higher social class, and was silent about the rest. His explanation of this fact is amusing as well as characteristic. Speaking of his father's relations, he says: "The reason (for not mentioning them) is very simple. I never knew much about them. . . . My father himself was a quiet man, and did not care to tell me old stories. Only once when I was a small boy I asked a question about his

father. Half laughingly, half angrily, he answered, 'Your grandfather was a little Jew, and had a long beard.' Next day, when I came into the large convent school-room where my little comrades were already assembled, I hastened to tell them the important news which my father had told me — that my grandfather had been a little Jew with a long beard. Scarcely had I made this communication when all over the room it was repeated in all possible keys, accompanied by the imitation of animal voices. The children jumped over the desks, tore the blackboards from the walls, spilt the ink, upset the chairs, laughed, crowed, neighed, barked, and grunted — the refrain always being the grandfather, a little Jew with a big beard. The entrance of the master stopped the noise, the culprit who had raised the rebellion was soon found out, and received a sound whipping in return for his interesting communication. It was the first whipping I ever got, and on that first occasion I made the philosophic observation that God, who created whippings, had in his great wisdom ordered that the whipper should in the end get tired, otherwise whipping would become unbearable. The stick I was whipped with was a yellow cane, but the marks it left on my back were dark blue." It is not difficult to understand that, as his first communication concerning his paternal grandfather was received with so little favor, Heine should in future have thought it wiser to be silent on that and similar subjects.

The little Jew, however, must have had some other good qualities beside his long beard, for a wealthy Hamburg banker gave him his only daughter, a great beauty, in marriage. Both grandfather and grandmother died early, and of their children two inherited their mother's beauty — Heine's father and uncle. The beauty of the former was rather of a feminine type, but the latter was one in whom manly beauty and strength of character were combined. He, his wife, and his children, "a cluster of lovely human flowers," all died in their youth, and when he remembers them, Heine has to make his fool's bells ring to banish sad thoughts. The father, whose remark on the characteristics of his ancestor earned for Heinrich Heine his first whipping, wore a solemn look. Every movement was slow and measured, and every feature of his face seemed to indicate the deep thinker and philosopher. But this was only the superficial aspect, for he was neither a Thales nor a Lampsacus brooding over problems of the origin of things. The

gravity was not borrowed, but it reminded one of those antique bas-reliefs where a frolicsome child hides its face behind a tragic mask. He was in reality but an overgrown child; but he felt with his moral antennæ what the wise could only understand by slow degrees. He thought less with his head than with his heart, and had the most amiable heart that could be imagined. His voice, too, was pleasant, and to his excellent German his famous son owes the perfect purity of his language, which indeed can hardly be surpassed. To say that Heine the elder had a rather feminine face is perhaps going too far. He was handsome, but, as seen from a portrait, he would have shone as an ideal of the rococo shepherd, with queue and powdered hair, which, in the face of changing fashion, he wore to his life's end. This light-hearted father, whom his son describes as endowed with boundless vitality, a joyous temper, full of gladness and mirth, forgetting the troubles of yesterday and unmindful of those to come, had been in his youthful days the *protégé* of Prince Ernest of Cumberland. He had been in the suite of the prince at the beginning of the French Revolution. When, after his marriage, he settled down as a merchant at Dusseldorf, he brought with him, much to the annoyance of Mme. Heine, his wife, twelve thoroughbred horses. They were sold at the request of the lady, but to get rid of a disreputable groom, who invited every tramp to a game of cards in the stables, was more than even young Mme. Heine could accomplish. The groom went away at last of his own accord, and with him went his master's gold watch and other pieces of jewellery. Of all the hounds only old hypocritical Joey was allowed to stay, until he became "a travelling barrack for fleas," and then he was drowned. To this time of military life Heinrich Heine traces back his father's love for soldiers and their uniform. Long after he had become a sedate citizen he entered the civil militia, wore the dark blue uniform with the light blue velvet cuffs and collar, and marched with a glad heart past the window where his wife blushing received the salutations of her husband and his men. Valourously, too, he took the lead as commanding officer of the main guard, which assembled every night to protect the town. Fortunately, the protector's services were not put to the test, otherwise it might have been discovered that the chief work done by the soldiers and their laughing chief was to empty as many bottles of Rudesheimer, provided by the

commanding officer, as they could drink. This weakness, however, did not degenerate into drunkenness, and in speaking of the memory of his kind father, the poet puts aside both ridicule and cynicism, and with something of the father's own childish simplicity mourns over him in these touching words:—

He was of all human beings the one whom I loved most on earth. He has now been dead for more than twenty-five years. I never thought that I should ever lose him, and even now I can hardly believe that I have lost him. It is so difficult to believe that those are dead whom we have loved so dearly. Neither are they dead; they live on and have their dwelling place in our souls. Since then, no night has passed that I have not thought of my father, and when I wake in the morning I fancy I hear the sound of his voice, as the echo of a dream. Then I have the feeling as if I must quickly dress and hurry down into the large room, as I did when a boy. My father used to get up very early, and all the year round I found him at his desk, whence, without looking up, he gave me his hand to kiss—a beautiful, elegant hand, which he used to wash in almond water. I see it still, with every little blue vein on the marble-white hand. I smell the scent of almonds, and tears start to my eyes. Sometimes my father took me between his knees and kissed my forehead. One morning he embraced me with more than usual tenderness, saying, "I had a beautiful dream about you, and I am very pleased with you, my dear Harry." While he said these simple words a smile came over his face which seemed to say, "However badly behaved Harry may be in reality, I will always dream pleasant dreams about him in order to love him without any regret."

From The Economist.

THE REMOVAL OF THE POPE FROM ROME.

THE Italian courts have recently decided that the property of the Propaganda is not a fund within the control of the papacy exclusively, but an ecclesiastical property, to be held by its trustees in obedience to the laws of the Italian kingdom. The college, as we understand the decision, is not threatened with confiscation, or with any serious interference, but it is declared to be Italian, and not exclusively papal, and consequently subject not only to the existing, but to future Italian laws. This decision, against which there is no appeal, except to the Catholic powers of Europe—which are not likely in the existing condition of affairs to threaten Italy—has created profound irritation in the Vatican, where it is regarded either as a gratuitous insult, or as a first step towards

the assertion of the right of Italy to control the whole material organization of the Catholic Church, except, perhaps, the person of the pope. Leo XIII., though a philosopher, and a man in many respects of singular moderation, has been quite moved out of himself, and has not only declared that his spiritual liberty is interfered with, the wealth of the college being devoted to strictly spiritual work, but has even revived the old project of removing the holy chair from Rome. For a few days it was currently believed that he would execute this threat, and although he has since cooled down, and has suppressed in the public report of his allocation the menace which, when orally delivered, it contained, it is evident the advisability of removal has been once more gravely considered. It is worth while, therefore, to consider a possibility which, if it were realized, would greatly change the appearance of affairs in Europe, and probably modify the relation of all Catholic States to each other.

The pope's threat of quitting Rome, though derided by most politicians, is not altogether an empty one. The demand of the papacy for an earthly sovereignty is not so ridiculous as it appears to many Protestants. Only a sovereign can be independent of laws, and the essential claim of the papacy is that it is above human legislation, and that the pope, as viceregent of Christ, has the right to act in all spiritual things, and, therefore, in all worldly things affecting spiritual interests, as one exempt from any human control. The Holy See must, moreover, not only be independent, but must seem to be so, as otherwise its decisions, held by all Catholics to be supremely important, might appear to be given under constraint, and an excuse be thereby given for disobedience or schism. The pope, therefore, cannot submit to be a subject, and contingencies are quite possible in which an Italian government, possibly radical in sentiment, would treat him as one, and thus compel him either to sacrifice rights which his Church considers sacred, or to find a new and more secure asylum. There is little chance, it is true, that any Italian government in our time will take any such step, for that government, besides being Catholic itself, has no wish to arouse a fanatic dislike in Catholic Europe, and no desire that the centre of the Catholic Church should cease to be located in Italy, and subject to Italian influences. Still the contingency is possible, and it is not wise to treat menaces of retirement as only empty

threats, which cannot be carried out under any circumstances. They might be carried out whenever the "Vatican" — that is, the whole of the corporation included in that word — thought it expedient, and they would be carried out if the pope's "liberty" were seriously menaced — that is, for instance, if he were treated as a person bound in any way to obey Italian laws. He could not be so bound without the entire loss of his special position, and he would, we may rely on it, quit Italy at once.

Nevertheless, it may, we think, be believed that the departure of the pope from Rome is exceedingly improbable. The Italian government is the last in the world to take any imprudent step, even if it had, which it has not, any motive impelling it to do so: and though the pope might, if hurt in his pride, take one, the reasons impelling him to caution are most weighty. In the first place, his Church is the "Roman" Catholic, and inherits from its position in the capital of the ancient world a tradition of high value, which removal might dangerously impair. No other and more modern seat could stir so little the jealousy of the nations, or seem to them so natural to a power which, unless it is universal, and as between peoples absolutely impartial, has no reason for existence. The world has been accustomed to consider Rome its first city, till no other city advances pretensions against it, and Spanish Catholics and French Catholics yield to the claims of an Italian potentate without a grudge, because, though Italian, he is also Roman. The loss of the charm inherent in the word Rome would be great, and could hardly be compensated by any probable gain in independence. Where could the pope go to be truly independent? Austria is suggested, but the Austrian government, though it would accord to the pope all the privileges of an ambassador, and exempt his dwelling from the laws, would hardly cede him a territory in full sovereignty, and would, if it ever pressed him, press much more strongly than Italy could ever do. Malta has been mentioned, but the British government, though it would offer an asylum to the pope, as to any other deposed sovereign, could not, and would not, release his whole *entourage* from the laws, or ask the pope's sanction if it were needful to prosecute one of his followers for an assault. The Spanish government has offered him Ivica, the smallest of the Balearic Isles, as a dominion, but an island is inconvenient as the centre of a universal Church, and the pope would re-

quire a Spanish guard to maintain his authority, which guard would cause Europe to regard him as, in some sense, a vassal of Spain. Monaco has also been suggested; but though the pope might, with the help of the Catholic powers, acquire that principality by purchase, might reign there in independence, and might even, amid the most beautiful scenery in the world, build a new Vatican and a new St. Peter's, he would never be safe from danger on the French side. France might at any moment be in the hands of men who would like nothing better than to insist on "guarding" him, and Germany would hardly risk war to protect his independence. No other place is even suggested as possible, and in none of those mentioned, except possibly Monaco, would the pope be more independent than he is now, while in any one of them he would be deprived of the traditional charm and authority which attaches to the word Rome. The world would not instinctively respect Ivica, or Malta, or Monaco, or the Styrian monastery which would be offered by the Austrian court.

Moreover, there is more to think of than the pope. He is the head of a great organization, as large and important as most governments, divided into many departments, each of them with business which is world-wide. These departments are all administered by gentlemen who are either Italian by birth and training, or have become Italian by long residence in Rome. Many of them scarcely speak any other language than Italian. All of them would feel when once removed from Italy unhappy exiles, knowing nothing of things about them, and hardly knowing themselves. They could not carry away their buildings, and hardly their subordinates, who are as closely linked to Rome by a thousand ties as they are themselves. They would lose at once the sense of habitude, and with it much of their self-confidence and serenity, while new and foreign influences, possibly hostile influences, would press upon them from every side. It was said during the last election to the chair that the choice of a foreign cardinal would, for a time at least, almost paralyze the papacy, so impossible would it be for a foreign pope to sympathize with or understand cardinals, prelates, and secretaries of departments all saturated with Roman feeling and Roman tradition, and the risk of dislocation involved in the transfer of the see to any non-Roman place would be little less violent. We may be sure that the Curia will never voluntarily quit Rome; and though the pope

is in theory despotic, and in practice, when resolved, is the final referee, he is of all sovereigns the one who can least readily offend his counsellors, break with etiquette, or disregard the large body of traditions which make up so much of the working "system" of the Roman court. We do not believe it would be easier to move the capital of the Catholic Church than to move any other capital, and that has been proved throughout history to be the most difficult of undertakings. In modern times, only one capital has been shifted, and the present generation may yet witness the abandonment of St. Petersburg, and the restoration of the Russian dynasty to its ancient centre of action. The pope may be ready to quit Rome, but the papacy is essentially Roman, and will not, we may be sure, be moved, except under the pressure of a danger of which there is as yet no sign.

From Chambers' Journal.
HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THE manor of Hampstead was given by Edward the Confessor to the monks of Westminster; and subsequent monarchs conferred on them the neighboring manors of Belsize and Hendon. It was at Hendon Manor House that Cardinal Wolsey made his first halt when journeying from Richmond to York after his disgrace. At that time, however, Hampstead itself had no great claim to notice, its inhabitants being, we are told, chiefly washerwomen, whose services were in great demand among the inhabitants of London. That this peaceful if humble occupation could be carried on, proves at least that the wolves which, according to Dame Juliana Berners's "Boke of St. Albans," abounded among the northern heights of London in the fifteenth century, had been exterminated by the end of the sixteenth. The wild-boar lingered longer; and so late as 1772, we hear of the hunting of a deer in Belsize Park. This, however, can scarcely be regarded as genuine sport, as it is advertised to take place among other amusements intended to allure visitors to Belsize House, which had been opened as a pleasure-house by an energetic individual of the name of Howell. He describes in his advertisement all the attractions of the place, and promises for the protection of visitors that "twelve stout fellows, completely armed, will patrol between Belsize and London." Early in the eighteenth century chalybeate wells were discovered

at Hampstead, and as they were recommended by several physicians, the hitherto quiet village became a fashionable and dissipated watering-place. Idle London flocked there; youths who were delighted to show their finery in a new place; girls who were young enough to delight in the prospect of dancing all night; gamblers of both sexes; wits and fops. They danced, lost their money at cards and dice, talked scandal of each other, and drank of the chalybeate well, which Sam Weller has characterized for all generations as "water with a taste of warm flat-irons," till Hampstead lost its novelty, and the company went elsewhere to go through the same programme. Among the crowd of nonentities that frequent the Hampstead Wells there is one notable figure, that of Richard Steele. In 1712 Steele retired from London to a small house on Haverstock Hill, on the road to Hampstead. Here, doubtless, his friend and fellow-laborer Addison visited him; and the two would find in the humors and follies of the company at the Wells material for the next number of "The Tatler," the publication of which had now been going on for three years. Let us picture the two friends passing together through the gay company. Steele, radiant, we may be sure, in gay apparel, seizing at once on the humorous characteristics of the scene; while Addison would tone down his companion's exuberant fancy, and draw his own thoughtful moralizings from the follies he witnessed. On summer evenings they would walk on the Heath, and admire the view across the swelling green slopes to the town of Harrow, where one day was to be educated my Lord Byron, a young gentleman who would win greater fame as a poet than even Addison's acquaintance—a *protégé* to begin with, an enemy at last—the lame Catholic gentleman, Mr. Alexander Pope. Thirty years later the figure of another literary man was to be seen at Hampstead. Not so gorgeous as Dick, not so precise as Addison, is slovenly, tea-drinking, long-worded Samuel Johnson; but he is their legitimate successor, nevertheless. He, too, is a man of letters, living by the produce of his pen, and appealing for support to the public, and not to the kindness or charity of private patrons. Indeed, he scorns such condescending patronage, as a certain stinging letter to Lord Chesterfield remains to testify. In 1748, Mrs. Johnson, for the sake of the country air, took lodgings at Hampstead; and there her husband wrote his satire, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Johnson did not

spend all his time at Hampstead, for he was obliged to return and drudge in smoky London in order to provide for her comfort. Boswell tells us that "she indulged in country air and good living at an unsuitable expense; and she by no means treated her husband with that complacency which is the most engaging quality in a wife." Yet Johnson loved faithfully and mourned sincerely the querulous, exacting woman, a quarter of a century older than himself, and cherished an undoubted belief in her beauty; while all save him perceived that if she had ever possessed any—which they doubted—it had long disappeared. Early in this century, the year after Waterloo was fought, Hampstead was familiar with the forms of three men to whom life gave only scorn, insult, and disappointment, yet whose memory lingers about it and makes it hallowed ground. In 1816 Leigh Hunt lived at Hampstead in a part called the Vale of Health; and there Keats, who lodged in the village, and Shelley, were his frequent visitors. Each of the three was more or less a martyr. For the crime of describing the prince regent—whose memory as George IV. is not highly honored—as an "Adonis of fifty," Hunt was thrown into prison; while the political reviews and journals abused his graceful poems and scholarly essays as if they had been firebrands, to extinguish which every exertion must be made. They succeeded in torturing him, in reducing him to poverty and dependence, but they did not succeed in changing Leigh Hunt's convictions. He would not bow down to the Adonis of fifty. Shelley was rather a visitor than a resident at Hampstead Heath; but Keats composed not a few of his poems here. The sorrows of his sorrowful life had not yet reached their climax in 1816. Already he was struggling with poverty, disease, and hopeless, passionate love; but he had not yet published those poems which were to rouse such wrath in the bosoms of a few critics, and such delight in thousands of readers. But at Hampstead most of them were written. Here he breathed life into the long-dead myth of Endymion, surrounding it with such a wealth of description as seems scarcely possible to a youth of such limited experience. Can commonplace Hampstead Heath, the chosen resort of Bank Holiday excursionists, be the prototype of that Grecian valley where the goddess of night stooped to kiss Endymion? Here was written the sad story of "The Pot of Basil," and the legend of "The Eve of St. Agnes;" here, in 1819, was com-

posed that most exquisite "Ode to a Nightingale," which, even were it his only production, might place Keats among our greater poets.

From The British Trade Journal.
THE TRADE IN MODERN ANTIQUITIES.

ONE of the chief delights of Continental travel, as every person of experience will admit, is the unlimited opportunities it affords for buying antiquities. The statuary, the coins, and the pictures that may be purchased in Italy are a source of never-failing interest to English travellers and of never-failing profit to Italian dealers. Andalusia, again, is a huge curiosity shop. Being once upon a time in Seville, we came across a retired British grocer or tailor, or something of that kind, who had just purchased a Madonna and Child — unhappily unsigned — which he had picked up for a few pounds in a dingy back street. He was going to send it to the Exhibition of Old Masters, and, if he ever did so, he probably found that it was worth only a pound or thirty shillings at the outside. It is the same, indeed, throughout Spain. The altar-cloths, the broken fans, the inlaid tables and cabinets, as resplendent as anything in the convent of the Cartufo at Granada, the wonderful chairs, and the still more extraordinary scraps of ancient lace, upon which all who have ever travelled in Spain have spent much money — these abound from Malaga to Trun, and naturally one is inclined to speculate a little on the odd circumstance that the supply is more abundant than ever, although the demand is fairly brisk. Tangers is, we should say, a hotbed of modern antiquities, and even Mr. Chamberlain bought some of them when he was over there a year or so ago. He ought to have known something about this class of goods, being a Birmingham man, but the childlike faith of the president of the Board of Trade in all things ancient is notorious. America, oddly enough, has taken to this business of manufacturing the antique Dutch cabinets that, with bronze panels, dingy and marked with the cracks of fictitious centuries, are turned out every day from Chicago furniture stores, and for some purposes they are quite as useful as if they had indeed belonged to some departed burgher in the dead cities of the Zuyder-Zee. New York experts in this sort of forgery make a specialty of Queen Anne chairs and tables,

and the imitation is so perfect as to deceive all but those who have studied such things minutely in Europe. The explorer of furniture stores may come upon magnificent specimens of English Gothic chamber pieces or ancient looking Chippendale and Sheraton chairs, which might have belonged to Queen Elizabeth but for the fact that they did not. It must be puzzling at first to discover in New York shops stamped leather chairs of the time of Louis Treize, plentifully ornamented with brass nails whose heads are fully an inch in diameter, and the citizens of that enterprising city are invited to become the happy possessors of as many of these treasures as they like on ridiculously low terms. If, however, the explorer is inquisitive, and the furniture vendors are in a tolerably candid mood, the visitor may be conducted into some backyard where these gems of high art are produced. A Queen Anne's chair just made can, for instance, be supplied with worm-holes by the simple process of tilting it bottom side up and firing a charge of pigeon shot into the bottom and front of the seat. Old armor, too, is a good line in this business, the drawings required for the purpose being made from the collection in the Grand Opera House, in Paris. It is said that Birmingham knows something about this branch of the trade, and that helmets, shields, casques, breast-plates, and complete suits of mail are regularly manufactured for the gratification of credulous oil speculators and retired pill manufacturers. If a man starts a lot of ancestors he likes to have dummies of them in his hall rigged in their mediæval ironmongery. If Birmingham did not gratify him, Germany would. It is astonishing how many tons of antiquities are annually sold along the Rhine, and it is even asserted that in Castle Colburg, where Martin Luther threw his inkstand at the devil — and, unhappily, missed him — the original splash was cut up and sold long ago, but that, as the timber is massive, the place is carefully re-inked every night for the purposes of sale next day. We cannot say how much truth or falsehood there may be in this particular story. There might have been some excitement in seeing the original transaction if both the distinguished parties to it were present. There can be none in gazing on a patch of ink. The trade in modern antiquities, however, is a curious reality, as real as the sale of old clothes or tombstones. It is a fact calculated to weaken one's faith in life.